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THE CLERK OF THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"A KEEN, frosty air, this morning, sir," said a gentleman to an acquaintance, whom he met on the sidewalk.

This was uttered in a voice, clear and cheerful, and so full of reasonance, that every word was heard by a man who sat in an apartment of the Dead Letter Office, with a large pile of letters which he had been opening and examining on one hand, and one still larger on the other, with the seals yet unbroken.

There was something in these few, commonplace words which touched a chord of memory, and sent a sudden thrill through his heart. Unconsciously suspending his employment, he slowly repeated the words to himself, while just the dawn of a smile hovered on his lips. Though no longer young, the hair which shaded his high expansive forehead, being thin and a little grey, made him look older than he really was.

The words, as has been said, were repeated slowly, and with a smile. At the same time, he involuntarily looked at his thin, pale hand, as if he expected to see the palm and the tips of the fingers glowing with the same rosy hue as in times long ago, when the keen, frosty air used to send the blood dancing through his veins.

There was a low sigh, and a tinge of sadness was visible on his brow, but the next moment it gave way to a look brighter than before.— There was evidently something very pleasant in the picture, which the few words that had penetrated the thick brick walls, and the double sashed windows, presented to his imagination.

Instead of sitting in the little bare-walled room, in the midst of those melancholy memo-

rials of fond and eager hopes destined never to be fulfilled, he stood at the window of an old farm-house, and looked out on the snow-covered hills and plains, over which had gradually gathered a sharp, icy crust, looking in the moonlight as if spangled with silver, and in the sunshine, as if strewn with diamonds. He heard the merry music of sleigh-bells, and laughter, merrier and more musical still, from a company of skaters, as with bird-like velocity they skimmed over the floor of polished adamant, covering the large picturesque pond. It was the same pond where, in the summer-time, he used to gather lilies for one, whose blue eyes smiled on him, when she received them from his hand, giving the lie to the quiet, demure look, which rested on her red lips.

And then how well he remembered the time, when, assisting her to bind the skates to her little feet, he ventured to invite her to take a sleigh-ride with him. She promised, pointing to the further extremity of the pond, that she would accept his invitation, if he reached the goal sooner than she did. He remembered, too, how ardently he desired that he might hit on some expedient, which would have the effect to retard her speed, like the three golden apples dropped in the path of Atalanta by Hippomenes. Yet, after all, he *did* first reach the place designated, and without anything to assist him but his own speed, unless, as he sometimes flattered himself, she purposely veered from the direct line.

And he sat there in his little square, stove-heated room, silent and still, for he could hear the voice of Marion Day, the same as he heard it that bright moonlight evening, and the brighter

morning, as she sat by his side in the sleigh, and the spirited horse bore them swiftly over the well-beaten path. He could hear it, as in the exuberant over-flow of her spirits, a gush of laughter broke from her lips, which reminded him of the rippling of sparkling waters; and then again, as with the least touch of sadness in it, she sung some sweet, low melody, to the silvery chime of the sleigh-bells.

And how plain he could see her round, dimpled cheek, usually with only a faint tinge of the rose, glowing with a warm crimson, as it nestled among the rich furs, which shielded her throat. The same smile, too, was in her blue eyes, as when he gave her the water-lilies, only a little warmer and brighter, so that the ruby lips were cleft, and showed two rows of pearly teeth.

He allowed himself to think, then, that Marion cared more for him than for any one beside. It was an idle thought, for the next summer she went to England. That was many years ago, ten at least and he had never heard from her since. She had rich relations in England, and amid the gay scenes of fashionable life, the name of Roland Floyd had, without doubt, faded from her memory.

She went away unexpectedly, when he was many miles distant, performing the duties of an under clerk, in a back store, so that they did not even bid each other good-bye. There was a little slip of paper, though, wound round the stems of a bunch of violets, which, when he returned, a few days afterwards, not knowing that Marion was gone, he found in a little basket, lined with velvet moss. It hung on a branch of the beech-tree, beneath whose shade they last met, and showed that he was in her thoughts.

The five words: "Roland, do not forget Marion," were all that was written on the slip of paper; but if every letter had been a diamond, it could not, to him, been of greater price. The basket, the violets, and the piece of paper, were still in his possession, and treasured with the same care as ever; though the once vivid green of the moss which lined the basket was faded, though the violets were withered, and the paper discolored.

The girl who took care of his little room, in the fourth story of a third class boarding-house, had often had her curiosity excited to a painful degree, concerning the contents of a rose-wood box, which took up a third part of the room on the light-stand, which served the purpose of a table.

He wrote to Marion once. It was a few

months after she went away, which to him had seemed as many years. She did not answer his letter, and this, to his mind, was the most cruel way of all others whereby to rebuke the presumption of the poor, friendless clerk. From that time, though his broad, open brow was serene as ever, and though he attended to his daily duties as sedulously and patiently as before, in his large, dark eyes there was a look of pathetic sadness, such as might fill those of one who knew that he had looked on a summer sunset for the last time, in his native land.

When, at last, roused by the striking of the clock, he started, and hastened to break the seal of the "dead letter" he had, during his reverie, held in his hand. As he opened it, a ring fell from its folds, upon the table before him. It was of little intrinsic value, the gold circlet being very thin and slender, and set with a small garnet. This, he felt, made the sad history which he knew it must have, still more sorrowful, for it had doubtless belonged to one whose wealth was in the affections, rather than in that which enables its possessor to clothe himself in purple and fine linen, and to fare sumptuously every day.

He looked at the open letter, and read these words, the pen that traced them having, evidently been guided by a weak and trembling hand:

"I return you the ring, dear Philip, which you gave me, when we last parted. Keep it always, for the sake of her who, when this reaches you, will be lying beneath the clouds of the valley."

FANNY DENHAM."

His face flushed a little, when he read the name, and a mist gathered before his eyes. How often, in his youthful days, had it been on his lips, and still oftener on Marion Day's, when they three had been playmates together, and at a later period, when they had all passed the threshold of childhood. It was that which made her name, as he now whispered it to himself, seem very sweet to him.

She was a pale, delicate girl, so different from Marion. The sunshine of the heart never broke in sparkles from beneath the long lashes which shaded her brown eyes, as it did from the blue eyes of Marion, neither was her hair ever seen floating on the summer breeze, stealing light from the golden sunbeams. It was always smoothly parted above her white forehead.

Sometimes, when a child, he remembered that he looked on her with a kind of awe, when he saw those older and wiser than himself shake their heads, and heard them say to each other in a

whisper, that Fanny Denham was not long for this world.

"And yet," said he, looking at the date of the letter, "she lived to see the flowers bloom ten summers after I saw her for the last time."

He took up the ring, and turning it round, examined it closely.

"It is a very small one," said he mentally, "and Fanny had a little hand."

He continued to hold it before him for a short time, with his eyes fastened upon it, though he no longer saw it. He saw only her who last wore it, now mouldering in the dust.

He then read the superscription of the letter, and found that it was directed to Philip Vincy. The name was not familiar to him. It belonged to no one he knew, when he lived in the little town of Brookvale, the native place of Fanny, Marion, and himself. He restored the ring to the letter, and determined in his own mind that if he could find that Philip Vincy were still living, he would send it to him.

He now addressed himself to his task, with redoubled diligence, for he found that he had dreamed away a long time, though it seemed to him only a few minutes. He examined letter after letter, till the pile on his left hand began to grow somewhat formidable, without finding any which excited particular attention, or drew forth his sympathy.

Some of them, by those curious in such things, might have been preserved, as unique specimens of orthography and chirography, as well as for the picturesque sprinkling of capitals, in every conceivable place where they should not have been, in numerous instances being wedged into the very heart of some long, ambitious word.

After a while he opened one from a son to his mother, whom a few weeks previously he had left, as was easily seen, poor, lowly, and disconsolate. It was written rapidly, and was the out-pouring of a full and happy heart. A bank-note was enclosed—not of large amount, but which would have made the widow's heart sing for joy, had she not, when the postman knocked at the door, already laid down the weary burden of life.

"Take courage," the letter said. "The little sketch I wrote, previously to leaving home, was readily accepted by an editor, who stands high in the literary world, and I have made an engagement with him, which will give me as much brain-work, for months to come, as I can well do."

"I hasten to send you the first fruits of my earnings. Knowing you to be in want, I would

not wait till the sum was large. I beg that you will no longer keep yourself bent over that hateful sewing, which, while it is killing you, does not yield you enough to buy your bread. I can earn enough and more than enough for us both, and, what you will value still more, I am encouraged to hope by the gentleman I write for, that while working for a living, I shall make myself a name, which will not, at once, sink into oblivion.

"Do not feel uneasy about me. I am now strong, and have had no return of the symptoms of the alarming malady which so nearly proved fatal a few months ago."

Had Roland Floyd known that the writer of the foregoing did not live to see another sunrise, the impression left on his mind would have been still more melancholy. A sudden hemorrhage of the lungs, the disease glanced at in his letter, terminated his existence, just as a fair and pleasant prospect had opened to his view. The mother and son, who parted beneath the dark cloud of adversity, had met again, where sorrow and sighing flee away.

Leaning his head on his hand, Roland thought of the time when he, too, had longings after fame; of the time when his aspirations might have been realized, had he persevered, for he had sat by, and heard a few of his pieces which had been published anonymously, praised by good judges. But that was when he was young, before Marion went away, and she was his inspiration. And, somehow, his employment in the Dead Letter Office seemed to make him still more despondent, for he had learned by it how many hearts are made sick by hope deferred, and, when, at last, the letter which had been looked for, months and months, arrived, it served only to show him it was too late. The one who had expected it with such earnest cravings of the lonely heart was gone.

The next letter he took up sent an electric thrill through his whole frame. It was directed to Fanny Denham—not by the hand of Philip Vincy, for he knew the writing as well as if it had been his own. It came by ship within the last few weeks.

He had no recollection of breaking the letter open, or of unfolding it. The first thing which he fully realized was that the name of Marion Day, clearly and beautifully written, the same as she used to write it fifteen years ago, was before him.

"She isn't married," he thought; but the next minute, he remembered that she had a cousin by the name of Joseph Day, not far from her own age, as he often heard her mention.

Though reading the letter would doubtless settle the question, whether she was now his cousin or his wife, he delayed a little. For a few minutes, he would suffer hope to delude him. It was not often that there was a chance, even for that. His eye fell on the letter which he held in his hand, it must have been by some magnetic attraction, for he did not intend it—and the first words he saw was his own name. He eagerly read the sentence, in which it was contained.

"I often ask myself," it said, "if I shall find you, my dear Fanny, and Roland Floyd in Brookvale, when I return."

She was going to return then, and he began the letter and read it through.

"She may be at Brookvale this very minute," he thought, when he had finished reading it. "She says that her letter would precede her only six or seven weeks."

She was not married to her cousin, Joseph Day, for she mentioned that he and his wife were coming with her.

At this moment there was a light tap at the door, which was immediately opened by the little errand boy.

"Mr. Floyd," said he, "there's a gentleman below, who wishes to see you."

"A gentleman, did you say?" as he hastened to fold the letter and put it in his pocket.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know who he is?"

"No, sir—I never saw him before. Will you go down?"

"No, I will see him here."

"He might have stayed away till I had read the letter once more. There are so many things I wish to look at again," he thought, as the boy turned away to invite the stranger up to his little room.

These thoughts had hardly time to pass through his mind, when a gentleman stood at the threshold, who introduced himself by the name of Joseph Day.

"I have come," said he, after an interchange of the customary salutations, "to take you to Brookvale with me; Cousin Marion is there, and she complains of its loneliness, and says it doesn't seem like the Brookvale of old times. All those she used to call friends, are either dead or gone away."

"If I only knew that I was one of those she thought of," said Roland, "I wouldn't say a word against going, but"—

"I know you were one of them," said Joseph Day, interrupting him, "and what is more, my wife and I have made an agreement between

ourselves not to suffer you to return here any more; so you may as well make everything square with your employers, before you leave."

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"She won't know me—I'm certain she won't," said Roland Floyd, as his new-found friend pointed to the Brookvale hotel, and told him it was where he and his wife and Marion had been boarding, since their arrival.

"And Marion says that you wouldn't recognize her, if you should meet her unexpectedly; but that I don't believe."

"The change cannot be so great in her as in me. I am eight years older than she is. Don't you see the frost which time has strewed about my temples?" and he pointed to the hair, which was once jet black, and was still soft and wavy.

"No matter, since the frost hasn't touched your heart."

Joseph Day kept chatting and asking questions, so that Roland's thoughts might not dwell uninterruptedly on the anticipated meeting.

"Roland," said Marion, who, with her sister-in-law, came and met them at the door.

"But not like him you used to know before you left Brookvale," said he with emotion, as he took her proffered hand.

"So much like him, that I should have known you to be the same, even if I had met you the other side of the water."

"For which I am thankful, for I know how much I am changed. But you are the same Marion I last saw under the beech-tree we can see through the window, now denuded of its foliage, then so fresh and green."

"I often tell Marion," said her cousin, Mrs. Day, "that Father Time takes no notice of her, in his annual rounds."

"And what is equally well, as regards our friend Floyd," said Mr. Day, "the air of Brookvale contains some subtle quality, so wonderfully rejuvenating, that he looks, at least ten years younger than when I found him, after a long and weary search, in that Dead Letter Office."

"No wonder," said Mrs. Day, seeing that he looked a little confused. "I know the air in such a place as that must be damp and mouldy."

As the four sat together, they talked of the time when they (Roland and Marion) used to skate and take sleigh-rides in the winter, and, in the summer, sail on the miniature lake, or gather the lilies that starred its azure bosom. Nor was Fanny Denham forgotten.

"You spoke of the beech, just now, Roland," said Marion. "Did you find the basket I hung on one of the boughs?"

"Yes, and have it now. But, Marion, it was cruel in you not to answer my letter."

"And wasn't it cruel in you not to answer a single one of the half dozen I sent you?"

"That was because I never received a single one."

"I knew afterward that you didn't, but I didn't know it then."

"And you never received the one I wrote you?"

"I never did."

"That is strange."

"Not in the least. How could I receive it, when it made a transit from the hands of the postman to my Aunt Jerusha's chamber, and thence, after she had read it, to an excellent coal fire."

"And those you wrote me? What became of them?"

"When I supposed them to be speeding their way across the Atlantic, as I have since learned, they made a visit to the same chamber, and underwent a similar fate."

"Your aunt thought I was unworthy to correspond with you, and so I was."

"No, it wasn't that. She was lonely, and needed some one for a daily companion. She had become attached to me, and the idea of parting with me made her miserable. She, at once, became alarmed at the thought of a correspondence between a young man of twenty-four and a girl of sixteen. It was, as she imagined, venturing on dangerous ground."

"But when was all of this revealed to you, Marion?" said her cousin.

"Aunt Jerusha told me herself a few weeks before she died. She said she believed that she hadn't done exactly right."

"And by way of amends," said Mrs. Day, "left you an income of eight thousand pounds a year."

Roland would rather not have been told this. He had felt happy and hopeful before. The thought had more than once glanced into his mind, if he should venture to offer Marion his hand, sometime hence, when established in some kind of business which would afford a livelihood for two, whose habits and tastes were not expensive, that possibly, she might not refuse it. Now, he thought it would seem as if he were influenced by motives which were mercenary.

"You look grave, Roland," said Joseph Day, speaking to him aside, "and I half suspect I know the cause. Now there is one clause in Aunt Jerusha Day's will which neither my wife nor Marion know anything about. She knew that you had been cruelly disappointed through

her means, and by way of reparation, she left a like sum to you as she did to Marion, thinking, I suppose, that it was much the same as if she had given it all to her niece."

"But you were her nephew, and had a better right to it than I."

"Not if it was her pleasure to give it to you. But she didn't forget me. I was appointed residuary legatee, and I find that a sum equal, if not larger, will fall to my share. Marion thinks you are poor. Everybody in Brookvale who know there is such a person in existence, think the same, and have told her you were. I suspected as much before we left England, and as I like a little bit of romance, when it falls readily in my way, I concluded to say nothing to her about your good fortune. She has already, as it appears to me, shown that she does not value you the less on account of your supposed poverty. Indeed no one could suspect Marion of a miserly love of wealth. But, as you are somewhat sensitive, we will, if you please, keep the secret between ourselves, which will give you all the opportunity you can desire to prove that her regard for you is truly disinterested."

"People are right," said Roland, "in supposing that I am poor. I am not, however, wholly without means. I have every year laid by a little, and have nearly enough to purchase the place called 'Sweetbrier Dale,' which used to be Marion's home. I meant there to pass the evening of my days, and live in the scenes of the past."

"To live in those of the present, I suspect will be better now. But Lucy and Marion, if we keep our heads together much longer, will think we are hatching some conspiracy, as indeed we are, though a very harmless one."

In the course of the evening, Roland told Marion that he had saved enough of his earnings to purchase Sweetbrier Dale, though she did not know till she was its mistress that her aunt remembered him in her will.

Nothing so wins upon strangers as true politeness. A little attention shown in a stage, or in the cars, or at a public table, costs us very little. But what an effect it has upon the persons to whom the attention is shown. The pleased look, the grateful smile, show us we have gained a friend.

To some persons it is indispensable to be worth money; for without it they would be worth nothing themselves.

LOOK OUT!

A STORY OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

"Now, Mr. Mulford, haven't I caught you?" He sat alone in the sitting-room, in my uncle's arm-chair, for he and his sister were gone out. I supposed our guest was absent, too; but on entering the room suddenly, I found him here, with a small gold miniature in his hand.

He looked up with well-dissembled confusion. "Ah, Miss Ethel! you've stolen upon me unawares, and discovered my one secret."

"I didn't 'steal upon you unawares,' begging your pardon. I came in boldly at the door, and, of course, my eyes are not responsible for what they saw. But now, really, they are aching for a peep inside that locket, I assure you." He looked at me with considerable apparent hesitancy, as though he were deciding a doubtful question in his own mind. At last he said: "There is a story connected with the locket, and if you see the one, I shall be obliged to tell the other."

My woman's curiosity was stimulated at once. "Do tell me all about it! It's a romance, I suppose, and there's not a soul to interrupt us, for uncle and aunt won't be home these two hours."

He touched the spring, and placed the miniature in my hands. I looked eagerly down on a very fair, bright, girlish face, with a world of spirit and fun dimpling the corners of the mouth, and lightening through the large black eyes.

"Oh, what a sweet face! She is a brunette."

"Yes, and a Southerner. Do you like it?"

"To be sure," surveying it very closely.

"The face is so full of spirit, too; so open and bright. Now what is her name?"

"Cora Wise."

"It is a pretty name, and seems just to suit the owner. Now do tell me all about her," throwing myself into Aunt Ruth's chair, opposite the gentleman.

"Well, promise me solemnly, Miss Ethel, that what I now reveal to you shall never, without my permission, under any circumstances, be revealed to a human being!"

"I promise." Oh, white wings of my good angel, where were you, that you did not sweep by, and break the words on my lips!

Then Grant Mulford told his story, to which, of course, I listened with eager interest. A few words will repeat the disclosure that occupied him two hours:

Cora Wise and he had been betrothed for some time to each other; but her father was a haughty and wealthy Virginian, who had very high views for his daughter.

He had treated with the utmost contempt the bare idea of her marrying "a poor rascal of a Northerner," and had even forbidden Grant entering the house; and his daughter had been subjected to a great deal of harsh treatment from her inflexible parent, on account of her attachment to Grant.

Of late the matter had assumed a still darker aspect, for an old friend of Mr. Wise, a wealthy planter, from Louisiana, had recently visited Baltimore, and been completely taken captive by the charms of Cora.

Her father favored his suit, for, in point of wealth and social position, it was one that would reflect great honor upon his child; and he was determined to sacrifice her to a man nearly three times her own age, and one whom she utterly abhorred.

"But he cannot do it—she will not consent—she will be true to you?" I breathlessly questioned.

"To the end," answered the young man, pushing back with one hand, the bright curls that many a woman had praised from his forehead. "But this system of espionage and unkindness is killing my Cora. Her father has sworn that in less than six months she shall marry this old man, and nurtured in a home of tenderness and luxury, as she has been all her life, how can I transplant my precious flower—how ask her to share the poor home that is all I have to offer her."

"But, Mr. Mulford, believe me, a woman will do or brave anything for the man she loves," I said, leaning with dim eyes over the miniature.

There was just truth enough in all this, as I learned long afterwards, to furnish him the outlines for the pretty, pathetic story which enlisted my sympathies so strongly. Mr. Mulford and Cora Wise probably loved each other, for they are now husband and wife. The

young lady's father was, for very good reasons, quite opposed to their union, and was inclined to favor the suit of a southern friend of his, much older than his daughter; but it would have been no easy matter for the indulgent parent to have subjected his pretty, high-spirited child to any serious persecutions on account of different matrimonial opinions.

However, that night, Grant Mulford wrote briefly to his cousin: "The bait has taken," and so the meshes deepened around me, and I reeled not of it.

The next day our guest left, being imperatively summoned away by some commercial business into which he had entered, for he had been true to his promise to Irene, and abjured the gambling-table.

"How I shall long to know how you and Cora are getting on!" I said to him, the morning he was to leave us.

"Shall you? well, I'll write, with your permission, and tell you all that transpires, only you must not breathe a word to any human being."

I eagerly accepted the one proposition, and promised obedience to the other.

Then, just as the gentleman was leaving, he leaned down, and said in an undertone, so that Aunt Ruth, who was in an adjoining apartment, should not hear him: "I shall tell my Cora all about you, Miss Ethel, and your sympathy for her; and I am very anxious you should be friends, the best and truest."

"Thank you, Mr. Mulford, and when do you say we shall see you at the parsonage again?"

"Before the winter has passed, probably, for my business will bring me this way."

And so we parted; but for many days my thoughts turned sympathisingly toward the young southern girl, Cora Wise.

Spring dawned, and the March winds rolled over the mountains and valleys of New England their hoarse jubilees of triumph, for the "winter was ended," when Grant Mulford stopped at the parsonage again.

The three months which had intervened had been very quiet, very happy ones to me. No note of the discords which my life was soon to take up, had rolled out from the future, to drown the harmonies of the present. I had written, and dreamed, and loved. Every week had brought me letters from Alison—letters very full of affection and tenderness, filling my heart with light and aroma. Late in April he had promised to be with me. How I counted the days that stretched between!

But, as I said, in March, Grant Mulford was with us. He had corresponded occasionally with Alison, and knew at what time he was coming north. Then, he had been with his cousin Irene the week previous to his advent at the parsonage.

"And how are you and Cora progressing?" I asked the first moment I was alone with the gentleman.

"I have seen her several times. We met at the house of a mutual friend. Her father is inflexible as ever, 'and if it were not for you, Grant,' she said to me, many times with the tears pouring down her pale cheeks, 'I should pray God that I might lie down by my mother in the grave-yard!'"

"I think it's outrageous. You ought to rescue her from such persecutions at all hazards!" I said, vehemently.

"And so I will, Miss Ethel! Her old lover is coming north in May to receive her hand, as her father and he fully intend. But if they persist in their determination, Cora has promised—no matter, the bird may have flown before the May roses have bloomed again round her cage."

"What a poetical thought, Mr. Mulford! I hope I shall see the 'flown bird,' too, sometime."

"In which hope she most emphatically concurs. We have talked a great deal of you, Miss Ethel, and my Cora has read your stories—has conceived a very ardent desire to see you. You see she has written you," and the young man drew a daintily perfumed note from his vest pocket. "You will not refuse to comply with the request which it contains."

It was a very graceful epistle, commencing and ending with a most urgent request for my daguerreotype, which the fair writer affirmed would give her more pleasure than almost anything else in this world.

And here I must pause a moment, to render full justice to Cora Wise. Looking back on this time, through half a score of years, and with the light, which their succeeding revelations threw on the scheme which, for a time, robbed me of every hope and joy of this world, I am convinced that she was in no wise a sharer in these machinations, and only the instrument of others.

Impulsive and warm-hearted, her lover's representations had deeply interested her in me, as it was for his interest and the success of his plot, to do this; and if he at first suggested she should make this request for my miniature, her own wishes ardently endorsed it. "You will

not refuse Cora? It will be such a disappointment," said the young man, as I refolded the letter.

"I should be very happy to gratify her, you know. But there is no artist in the village, and then the miniature must be taken without my friends' knowledge; and that is a serious objection with me."

"It need not be, I am certain, as you are to give it to a lady. I shall be here two days, and we can easily make an excuse to ride out to-morrow, and go over to Woodfern, and have the thing accomplished in ten minutes. Don't refuse me now, I pray, in Cora's name."

"Well, I'll think of it."

Somebody came in at that moment and terminated the interview.

Grant Mulford, however, found an opportunity to renew his petition in the evening. He was to remain but two days, and if the next one was pleasant, there was no earthly reason why I should not confer this great favor upon Cora and himself.

In short, his pleading overcame, or silenced all my objections; indeed, as I said from the first, I had none, except a dislike to sending away my miniature without the knowledge of my aunt and uncle; but as Grant's engagement was a profound secret, of course they could know nothing of this.

Well, the next day was a boisterous, but a bright one, and Grant Mulford and I rode out in the afternoon to Woodfern, and when we returned, he brought my daguerreotype with him.

He remained two days after this, and Uncle Gerald and Aunt Ruth used often laughingly to tell me that if Alison were there to see "the attentions his friend paid me, he certainly wouldn't have it;" but I paid little attention to this, knowing that each of us understood the position of the other.

"Cora shall be your sister, and I will be your brother, now, Miss Ethel," said the young man, as we stood watching the stormy sun-set from the kitchen windows.

"Thank you, Mr. Mulford. How anxious I shall be to know all about you and her," for an elopement had all the vague charms and fascination to me, that it has to all romantic young ladies; and I invested Grant Mulford with all the qualities of a novel hero, and sympathised with his troubles from the bottom of my heart.

"I will write and tell you all about the progress of our affairs; Cora will write to you, and you will answer her, through me. It is singular neither of my letters reached you." I promised again, and the next day he left.

I stood in the door, that March morning, and waved my hand to the young man, as he rode off to the depot with Uncle Gerald. Since that hour we have never looked upon each other's faces.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was drawing towards the last of April.—The months had been shivering with winds, and drenched with heavy rains, but this Saturday morning was bright and balmy, and on the sky overhead, and the earth beneath, was the promise of the "Great Miracle" written.

Jane had had an attack of ague, the night before. Saturday was our "baking day"—one of those invaluable domestic laws which descended from our great grandmothers and faithfully preserved in the culinary creed of New England farm houses; so the day's labor devolved entirely upon Aunt Ruth and myself.

"You'll have to put aside your pen, for pie-crust, to day, my dear," said Uncle Gerald, as he rose up from the table, evidently enjoying my rueful glance at the pile of dishes which wouldn't wash themselves without hands.

"And you your theology for tacking carpets," I rejoined "for Jane only had time to lay ours down in the parlor last night, and we may possibly have company to-day."

"I understand, but I'll lay a heavy wager the ordinary perceptions of the company shall be so obscured by the presence of one individual, that he cannot tell whether there is a carpet on the floor or not."

"Come, come, Gerald, Ethel," interrupted Aunt Ruth, as she stirred about with the air of a notable housekeeper, "there's too much to be done to waste any time in talking."

"Well, I wish you much joy, Ruth, of your most efficient officer of the pantry," laughed Uncle Gerald, as he walked off to the library; but half an hour later, he put his head inside the door to ask, "Ethel, where's the hammer and tacks?"

"Oh, Ethel, there's the beans! We can't get along without those, anyhow; I had quite forgotten them," suddenly exclaimed Aunt Ruth, as she was scolloping the margins of her pie crusts, while I was filling the interior with pumpkin from a large earthen bowl.

Now "baked beans" are as indispensable a concomitant of Saturday night suppers, in New England, as chicken pies are of Thanksgiving dinners, it being a domestic "article of belief" that beans baked in an earthen pot, in a brick oven, possess at that time a peculiar flavor, and deliciousness, which they do not enjoy at any other.

Miss Maltby was, considering her education, both socially and religiously a liberal-minded woman, but she could not so far violate the domestic observances of her forefathers as to dispense with the baked beans; I felt this, and so, dropping the ladle into the rich, yellow liquid, I volunteered at once, to "pick over" the beans, if she would finish up the pies.

"And look here, my dear, you musn't waste a moment, for it'll be too late for the second heating," glancing at the old-fashioned clock in the corner.

"Oh, dear! I wish Phil was here, to run up stairs for my gingham apron," bringing out from the pantry a pan of beans in one hand, and a dish in the other.

"Why just put on Jane's old check apron, if you want to keep your dress from soiling. It hangs right behind the chest of drawers," advised Aunt Ruth.

The apron was a sort of nondescript article, something in the shape of a farmer's blouse without sleeves, and covered me from head to foot. The material was of very coarse gingham, in small blue and white checks, and the article was conceived and executed by Bettie's fertile, rather than tasteful, ingenuity, in order to "keep clean" her best dresses, when she washed the tea dishes.

"Did you ever see such a comical object! Just look at me, aunty," I laughed, as I surveyed myself in the small mirror that hung over the mantel.

"No matter, my dear, how you look, so the beans are ready. I'm getting nervous about them." So I sat down assiduously to work, and had probably gotten half through my task, when there was a loud knock at the front door.

"Oh! who has come now?" cried Aunt Ruth, in lugubrious tones, for she was at that moment intent on removing the hot coals from the oven with a long shovel, the easy command of which had only been attained after long practice.

"It's only that old tin pedlar. I know by his knock. If he only had sense enough to come round to the back door," I answered in no very amiable tones.

"Well, who'll go to the door—that's the question? The oven's getting too cool already. There's another knock."

"I'll go," putting the plate off my lap, and not stopping even to remove my apron. If my face was a true index of my feelings, it would not have been a very agreeable one that hurried out to present itself to the pedlar that morning.

Then—for troubles and annoyances never

come singly—my hair somehow fell from its fastenings, and half of it rushed down to my waist. I did not even stop to replace it, but opened the door.

There was a quick start; a beating up of hot blood into my cheeks; a glance down at my apron. "Alison Holmes! my goodness!" and I turned to run, perfectly overwhelmed with surprise and mortification.

There was a laugh, round and full, and triumphant, that thrilled along my rapid pulses, and with the third step, a pair of strong arms had gathered round me.

"Don't look, Alison! Shut your eyes!" I cried, and then, a rain of sweet, warm kisses shut the words on my lips.

"What's the matter!" cried Uncle Gerald, coming into the hall, hammer in hand.

"Oh! Uncle Gerald, why didn't you go to the door?" I cried, although knowing very well the possibility of doing this would never have suggested itself to the meditative parson.

"I'm very glad he didn't. Why, Ethel, my darling, I can't be gallant enough to say your dress is becoming, but your blushes are charmingly so," laughed Alison.

Aunt Ruth had recognised the voice, and at the risk of spoiling her pies and cakes, she ran in to see Alison.

"I always enjoy surprises, but this has been peculiarly delectable," and Alison glanced with the old roguish look at me.

I thought it was very hard, but nobody seemed to sympathise with me in the least; on the contrary, I believe they all heartily enjoyed my discomfiture.

I managed, however, to make my escape to the kitchen, where I divested myself of Jane's apron, in an unusually short time, solemnly resolving never to put on that article of dress again, under any conceivable contingencies.

I re-twisted my hair, and returned to the parlor in less than three minutes. Aunt Ruth finished the baking preparations alone; but there was no beans that Saturday night for supper. It was an unprecedented event in the annals of the parsonage.

Lovers' meetings, although very interesting experiences, are not particularly so in recital. Perhaps ours did not differ widely from many others; but my memory leans back fondly to this time, for it was the happiest, as it was the last week of my whole girlhood. Those that followed made a woman of me.

Alison was in his best, happiest mood, and a great deal of the enjoyment of himself and

others depended upon this, as in the case with all impulsive people.

Then the weather was delightful, and I am always very susceptible to elemental influences.

It seemed as if April had reserved all her sunshine and soft airs for this, the last week of her life. The young grass began to spring up by the stone fences—the buds swelled on the boughs, and at noon when we went and stood in the great front porch, the winds that brushed across our cheeks were like the winds of June.

I remember every trivial occurrence of this week better, probably, than I should if it had happened yesterday, and yet, hardly anything seems to have transpired worthy of record in this radiant passage of my life.

Alison was very tender, very devoted, and for me—my heart had not a conscious hope or aspiration that did not centre in him. I loved him supremely, entirely; but then my heart was the heart of a girl, not of a woman.

Oh! how many a one has learned too late the difference!

Well, we rode out every day—long and delightful those rides were, our souls taking up the melody of the new world-birth, and looking off to the future, as to a land beautiful, glorious, without a future, such as no man, and no woman ever found, since God's voice broke the stillness of Eden, "In sorrow shalt thou eat of it, all the days of thy life."

But we never thought of this, and returned in the soft April twilights to linger over our cosy family suppers, and to make plans for the future, away down into the heart of the night. I left everything with Alison, satisfied in his love, and when he said the next September must perfect his happiness, I understood, and answered with a blush, that was acquiescence. I had a will, and a very strong one of my own, but Alison Holmes never dreamed of it then, for the weakest little child could not be led more easily, than I, when I loved.

Alison was to select the site for our cottage immediately—it was to be somewhere on the banks of the Hudson; and during the year and a half to be occupied in its building, we, (his mother, himself, and I,) were to travel in Europe. How my pulses sprang at the thought of seeing Rome, and the Rhine, and the Pyrenees—oh, *chateaux d'Espagnes! chateaux d'Espagnes!* One day, though, it was the third or fourth of Alison's stay at the parsonage, there came a little shadow between us.

Uncle Gerald came in from the post-office, and tossed into my lap several papers and a single letter.

"Oh, it's from Grant Mulford!" I exclaimed eagerly. "Excuse me, Alison," and I broke the seal, before it occurred to me that our correspondence was a secret.

The epistle enclosed one from Cora, full of warm thanks for my gift, and expressions of affection. Her lover's letter was kind, almost brotherly. He stated that his betrothed was in a state of most unhappy excitement, because her Southern suitor was expected daily, and her father gave his child no peace, having sworn to disinherit her, if she did not marry in accordance with his wishes.

The only course open to them seemed to be an elopement, and yet Cora hesitated for her father's sake, hoping he might relent; but of this the young man entertained no hope.

I closed the letter with a sigh, contrasting Cora Wise's position with my own, and then, looking up, I saw Alison watching me intently, it seemed to me with a little displeasure in his face.

He laid his hand on the letter. "You will let me read it, Ethel?"

"Oh, no, Alison, indeed, I cannot!" drawing it quickly away. "It contains a secret."

"A secret that I may not see!" his forehead darkened. "I would not have believed this of you, Ethel!"

"Indeed, indeed, Alison," greatly distressed, "if you knew what it was, you would not in the least blame me; but it involves others! For myself, I am perfectly willing you should read this, but I cannot break a promise."

"And I am unable to see what right any man has to exact promises of this nature. And then, to boldly correspond with you, and not let me see the letters. It pains; it offends me!"

"Alison, don't speak to—don't look at me in that manner. I solemnly assure you there is nothing in this letter which concerns me in the least. Grant Mulford has only written of a private personal matter, which he confided to me while he was here."

"Let me see it, then, and I will be satisfied."

My pride rose even above the sobs that lay crushed down so quick and heavy in my heart.

"If you doubt my word, Alison, I at least respect it too highly to break it."

"Very well, do as you like; I shall not urge you farther." He rose up and left the room. Quick as lightning, the question flashed through my mind, whether my promise was binding in a case like this; whether, under the circumstances, it would not be better to show Alison the letter. I might do this, and acquaint

Mr. Mulford with it afterwards. But then my promise, my promise! My conscience did not sustain me, (as perhaps it would many others in this instance,) in breaking any more, but the next moment, I almost involuntarily rushed out of the room, and intercepted Alison on the first stair.

He put his arm out to wave me back, but I would not be silenced so. "No, Alison Holmes," I cried, "you *shall* hear me speak this once, whether you wish to or not," and still, and white, and resolute, I stood before him. "Now look me straight in the eyes, as I look you." And he did look at me, almost against his will, I believe, but when one is really in earnest, they generally *compel* others to be so.

"God, who hears me speak to you now, is my witness, this letter does not contain a single word that, for my own sake, I would not be willing you or all the world should see, this moment—God is my witness that I never thought a thought of Grant Mulford, that being your wife, I should blush to meet at the Judgment before the angels, who are in Heaven."

And looking at me, while I spoke these words, his face lightened, the shadows wavered over his face.

"Ethel, I believe you—I believe you." The tones came up from his heart then, and, hearing them, my unnatural calmness all forsook me. I should have fallen, if he had not caught me, and carried me into the parlor. It was very well the family were all in another part of the house, at that time, or they must have heard my sobs.

"Ethel! Ethel! do forgive me;" in real distress and remorse, now that he saw how acutely I suffered. And, for awhile, I could only answer by passing my hand through the dark hair, that bowed itself so humbly on my shoulder.

At last, when I grew calmer, Alison said to me: "I suppose I should not have behaved so shamefully, if that remark of Irene Woolsey's had not recurred to me."

"Irene Woolsey's. When—what do you mean?"

"Why I forgot to tell you, that I called there coming North, last week, and Irene mis-informed me respecting the time the train left, so I was obliged to stop over night. She spoke of her cousin's visit to you, and said that he would be very glad to have some claim on a little bit of most precious property that belongs solely to me."

"Well, he never will have," I answered very positively, and then "He is engaged," came

up to my lips, but a thought of my promise held this back.

"I will answer the letter, Alison, and obtain Mr. Mulford's permission to show you all he has ever written me," I said, not doubting but it would be perfectly easy to do this, and believing he had spoken so highly of me to his cousin, only because I had warmly sympathised with his troubles, and that Irene Woolsey had accidentally observed and alluded to this.

"Very well, my darling, do as you like; have no curiosity, now, for I have perfect confidence in you."

"But you hadn't then. Oh, Alison, it almost killed me!" drawing close to him, and shuddering.

Very tender were the arms that drew me to his heart, very loving the words that again and again entreated my pardon, for all the pain of the past hour. And I gave it, fully and freely. So the cloud passed, and the sun shone again.

"We will never speak of this—we will never think of it, even," said Alison.

"Never," I answered, and then, hearing the front gate open, I glanced out of the window. "Goodness! there's Squire Hunt and his wife, coming to make one of their endless calls, and they'll be asked in here, and see at once I've been crying!"

And to avoid this, I made a hurried retreat up stairs, while Alison went out into the garden, to see Uncle Gerald.

The week that Alison was to be with me wore away, as the brightest and the saddest weeks always do.

The last night but one of his visit, I had one of those severe headaches, to which I have been accustomed from childhood.

My uncle and aunt had gone to the weekly prayer meeting, for they understood very well that the best of physicians and nurses was with me; so I lay on the lounge in the sitting room, my head propped up with pillows, and Alison sat by me.

The large stars looked in tenderly through the window, the soft wind shook the shadows across the panes, but a softer hand passed over my hair, as Alison said: "Something must be done for these headaches; when I have undisturbed possession of you, I shall go to every physician in the country to see if they can't be relieved."

"It will be quite useless, Alison. They are the unfortunate concomitant of my nervous organization, and there is no help for them. I can only lie quiet, and endure."

"But it is very hard to sit here, and see you do this, my Ethel."

I looked up and smiled on him for the sweet words, but even this slight movement sent a sharp pain across my forehead. When it was abated, I asked: "Where shall you be a week from to-night, Alison? How lonely it will seem without you!"

"And how lonely with me, too, darling; but never mind. We shan't have many more of these partings; a week from to-night—let's see! I think Irene Woolsey told me she would be in Brooklyn a day or two the last of next week; probably I shall go over, and see her."

"You admire Irene Woolsey very much, don't you, Alison?"

"Yes, and I wish you did, for she really loves you, Ethel; and it will be very pleasant to have her an occasional guest at our cottage."

"You are mistaken, Alison. Irene Woolsey does not love me—she never can, she never will."

"Why, Ethel, I think you must be prejudiced in some way against her!"

"Not in the least, Alison. Remember, I do not say she is my enemy, only not my friend. Beside," (remembering the falsehood she had told to her brother,) "I know she is not sincere, truthful."

"My dear, aren't you a little severe?" with some surprise.

"No; because I speak only of what I have heard. (Oh, that pain in my head!) As you are so soon to see her, Alison, and it is best you should treat her cordially, I will not now relate the circumstance to which I allude; and it is one which in your mind, as well as my own, would preclude the possibility of our ever being intimate friends."

"I am sorry, Ethel, because she is certainly a very charming person; but it strikes me now, that she may have been a little jealous of you," a fault that a man could very readily forgive in any woman.

"Why—what makes you think so, Alison?"

"Oh, several things;" her remarks about my marrying a rich man recurring to his mind, and which he certainly would have revealed to me, had not the thought of his pledged honor prevented. I should certainly have insisted more strongly upon knowing, but my distracting headache dissipated my curiosity.

"Can't I do something for it, darling?" passing his hands tenderly across my throbbing temples.

"Perhaps I had better try the cologne again," more for his sake than for mine, as I knew

from experience nothing but a night's sleep would relieve me.

And he bathed my forehead, and we talked desultorily in the pauses of the pain; and many times afterward, I looked back on this night with a pain that was sharper than the headache, and remembered how tender, and how loving he was to me that night.

The morning came at last that Alison was to leave me. He was to finish his professional studies in June, and then he was coming to me again.

But my heart was very heavy that morning. Did the bells of the future ring down to the present their prophesy of evil, that all the light, and joy, and poetry of the past week, seemed to go out in darkness—darkness that gathered and thickened about my soul?

The time had come for Alison to leave, and yet I clung to him in the hall, before my uncle and aunt, forgetting my maiden's pride in my woman's weakness, and sobbed and shivered, as I pleaded: "I can't let you go, Alison. Don't leave me—don't leave me to-day!"

"But I must go, darling. I have made engagements which imperatively demand I should be in New York this evening," he answered, astonished and pained at my distress.

Then, uncle and aunt tried to reason with, and to laugh at me, but it did no good; I only pleaded: "Don't leave me—don't leave me, Alison."

"Ethel, you quite unman me," he said at last, drawing me into the parlor, with a quiver crossing his lip. "You see, darling, we shall not be separated for two months again, for all our lives, and it will not be *right* that I should remain, when by so doing I shall break my promise. Now look up, dear, and say 'go,' with one of your old smiles, for you've made me quite a woman, and I can't leave until you do."

And I tried to be strong and looked up. My voice could not break through the sobs that lay in my throat, but I pointed to the door, and smiled a smile that was born and died among many tears.

He leaned down and kissed me, not once or twice; then he rushed out at the door, for the driver was shouting lustily that he would be too late at the depot.

I stood at the window, and watched him as the carriage rolled away. Ah me! If I had recked of all that should transpire before my eyes looked upon him again—if I had heard the thunder of the storm that was gathering—and yet God's angels sang sweetly beyond it!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE ZOMBI; OR, THE MULATTO OF MURILLO'S STUDIO.

In the year 1630, one fine summer's day, at Seville, several young men coming from different streets, walked, singing as they went, in the direction of the house of the famous painter Murillo. Arriving at the same moment under the doorway, they bowed to each other in a friendly manner, calling each other by the names of Isturitz, Carlos, Fernandez, Mendez, Gonzalos and Cordova; and running up stairs in pursuit of each other, they reached the entrance of a studio.

The master had not yet arrived, and each student ran hurriedly to his easel, to examine the work of the day before—to see whether the painting was dry, and also to admire each his own handiwork.

"By St. James of Compostella!" exclaimed Isturitz, "which of you, gentlemen, remained last at the studio?"

"Are you not wide awake yet," answered Cordova and Fernandez, in the same breath. "Do you not remember that we all went out together?"

"This is a poor joke, gentlemen," said Isturitz, petulantly. "Yesterday I cleaned my palette with particular care, and this morning it is as dirty as if one of you had used it all night."

"There is another little face in the corner of my canvas," cried out Carlos. "It is not a bad head; ah! who is it that amuses himself every morning with painting faces, sometimes on my canvas and sometimes on the wall? On your easel, yesterday, Fernandez, some one scribbled a head."

"It is Isturitz, his palette informs against him," said Fernandez.

"I swear that you are mistaken, gentlemen."

"You need not swear, we believe you without that, for you do not draw well enough to have executed this head."

"I do not draw so badly as you do, Carlos; you seem to take a pleasure in scrawling."

"And here are my brushes all wet," cried Gonzalo, in his turn. "By the patron saint of Spain! something extraordinary goes on here every night."

"I expect to hear you state directly, that it is the *Zombi*, the African spirit which the negro Gomez believes in, that paints these pictures."

"Faith, if it is the *Zombi* of the Africans,

that paints these little faces," exclaimed Mendez, who had not yet spoken, and was occupied in examining one of the faces—a bold, wonderful composition, such as every day was found scattered about as if they had sprung into being out of the night—"he had better do my Virgin in the Descent from the Cross. In vain do I endeavor to depict her pure and lovely—my pencil refuses to second my imagination."

Saying these careless words, Mendez approached his easel. At the same moment an exclamation escaped him, and he remained pale and mute before his canvas.

A beautiful head of the Virgin, newly painted in, but with the most admirable expression, stood out pure in its hues, and so graceful in contour in the midst of the other figures which surrounded it, that it seemed to be a spirit risen among human beings.

"Why, what has happened to you?" exclaimed a harsh and broken voice, which recalled the students from their astonishment, and caused them respectfully to salute the speaker.

"Look for yourself, Senor Murillo," answered they, pointing to Mendez's easel.

"Who painted this? who painted this head, gentlemen?" said Murillo, in a lively manner. "Speak! speak! he who has sketched this Virgin will one day be the best artist of us all. Well! well!" added he, seeing that no one spoke, "well! why don't some one speak? Murillo, I, Murillo, would have been proud of it, gentlemen! By the soul of my father, what a touch! what purity! what delicacy! Mendez, my dear pupil, was it your work? speak!"

"No, senor," answered Mendez, with a look of pain.

"It was then Isturitz, or you, Fernandez, or you Gomez?"

But all answered as Mendez had done, "No, senor, it was not I."

"It did not come here without hands, however," said Senor Murillo, impatiently.

"I suppose not, senor," answered Cordova, the youngest of the pupils, whom these ghostly pictures alarmed to no slight degree. "It is not the first supernatural thing, however, which has happened in your studio. There are ghosts here, senor." Senor Murillo laughed.

"Pshaw! I am not so foolish as Cordova," said Fernandez.

"Thank you," answered Cordova.

"No thanks required, my dear boy. As I was telling you, senor, I am not so foolish as Cordova; nevertheless, it is true that for some time past things happen here which are incredible."

"Such as what?" asked Murillo, who still stood gazing with admiration on the Virgin, painted by the unknown hand.

"According to your orders, senor," continued Fernandez, "we never leave the studio without putting everything in order, cleaning our palettes, wiping our brushes, and putting away our easels; and in the morning when we reach here, not only is everything upside down, our brushes full of color, and our palettes covered with paint, but besides all that, there are every where exquisite faces, sometimes heads of angels, sometimes of demons, sometimes the profile of a young girl, or an old man; but all of the most admirable kind, senor; you see for yourself what there is to-day, and if he, who works better by night than by day, is not you, we must believe, with Cordova, that it is the devil himself."

"I wish it were my work, gentlemen; I would not disown either these features or this painting. This sketch is a little wanting in body, however, but that is nothing, it is full of sentiment—Sebastian! Sebastian!" cried he, interrupting himself; "Sebastian! We shall soon know who has done this, gentlemen. Sebastian," added he, addressing a little mulatto, not more than fourteen years of age, who ran in at his call, "did I not tell you to sleep here every night?"

"Yes, master," answered the child, timidly.

"Then, speak! Who was here last night, or this morning before these gentlemen? Speak, slave, or I will make you acquainted with the whip," said Murillo angrily to the boy, who played with the tassel of his little cap, without replying.

"Ah, you do not choose to speak," added Murillo, pulling his ear.

"Nobody, master, nobody," said Sebastian quickly and trembling violently.

"You lie!"

"Nobody but I. I swear it, master," said Sebastian, throwing himself on his knees in the middle of the studio, and holding up his little hands in supplication to his master.

"Listen to me," said Murillo, "I wish to know who has painted this Virgin's head, and all these faces that my pupils find here every day as they come into the studio. To-night, instead of sleeping, you are to watch, and to-

morrow, if you have not discovered the artist, you shall have twenty-five lashes—do you hear? I mean what I say—go and mix your colors, and you, gentlemen, go to work."

The hour of study now commenced—at first quietly enough; Master Murillo was there, and, at soul an artist, he thought his art too sublime to permit in his studio any conversation which had no reference to painting; but after he was gone the students made up for their silence; and as, at the moment, what most occupied their minds was the little delicate heads which sprang into being every night—the conversation turned upon that subject.

Mendez exclaimed the first:

"Beware of the whip, Sebastian! if you do not discover the guilty one by to-morrow morning. Pass me the Naples yellow."

"You do not need it, Senor Mendez; you are yellow enough already. As for the guilty one, I tell you it is the Zombi."

"How ridiculous these negroes are with their Zombis," said Gonzalos, laughing.

"The Zombi is the same as a ghost. But take care, Senor Gonzalos," said Sebastian, with a cunning look, "for the Zombi without doubt has been stretching out the arm of your St. John, so that he can easily tie his sandal-strings without stooping!"

"Do you know, gentlemen, that Sebastian's observation is a very just one?" said Isturitz, glancing at the St. John on the easel of Gonzalos.

"Oh! negroes are monkeys with parrots' tongues," said Gonzalos, affecting indifference.

"The parrot only repeats, and Sebastian originates," observed Fernandez.

"By chance, like the parrot," answered Gonzalos.

"Well, by dint of mixing colors, he has learned how to distinguish them," said Mendez, who did not quite relish the jest at the expense of his complexion.

"To distinguish is a different thing from knowing how to use them, senor," replied Sebastian, whom the freedom of the studio emboldened to mix frequently in the conversation of the students. His intelligence and the accurate taste which he possessed, often led the students to consult him when uncertain as to a touch or a shade, and to follow his suggestions, which were always admirable; besides which, although they plagued him, every one of them loved him, and there was not one who, on that evening, as he went out, failed to give the slave a friendly tap on the shoulder, saying:

"Watch well, Sebastian; catch the Zombi, or beware the lash!"

* * * *

Night had fallen, and the studio of the famous Murillo, the most celebrated painter in Seville—that studio so gay in the day-time, so noisy, and so animated, had become solitary and silent; a single lamp burned on a marble table, and, not far from this table, a youth—whose complexion seemed to resemble the shades of night which fell around him, but whose eyes sparkled like diamonds—stood up, leaning against an easel.

Motionless, upright, and firm—he might have seemed asleep, so deeply was he absorbed in reflection;—his thoughts must have been of a serious nature, for the door of the studio was opened abruptly, and an individual, whose features the darkness hid, approached him, and called him twice by name, "Sebastian," without obtaining any answer. At the third call he touched him.

Sebastian raised his eyes. A tall and handsome mulatto stood near him.

"What do you wish, father?" said he, in a melancholy tone.

"To keep you company, Sebastian."

"It is not worth while, father; go to bed. I will watch alone."

"And should the Zombi come."

Sebastian smiled sadly.

"I do not fear it, father."

"If it bore you away from me, the poor mulatto, Gomez, would have no consolation in his slavery."

"Oh! how frightful it is to be a slave," said the boy, weeping.

"What can be done, my son? God has willed it," said the mulatto with resignation.

"God!" said the youth, raising his eyes towards the vaulted dome of the studio, through which the stars of heaven were shining, "God! I pray to him so often, father, that one day he will listen to me, and we shall be slaves no more. . . . But go to rest, father—go. I, too, will sleep in my straw-bed, and so good night, father—good night."

"And you really are not afraid of the Zombi, Sebastian?"

"Father, the Zombi is but a superstition of our country. Fra Eugenio explained to you, as well as to me, that there is no supernatural creature upon earth. God does not permit that there should be."

"Why, then, when the students ask you who draws the little faces which they find here in the morning, do you answer 'the Zombi'?"

"For fun, father, and to make them laugh; that is all."

"Then, good night, my son," said Gomez, and after embracing his child, he retired.

"When Sebastian found himself alone, he gave a bound of joy. 'To work, now!' said he; but suddenly recalling himself. 'Twenty-five lashes, if I do not tell to-morrow who draws these faces, and perhaps more lashes if I do tell. Ah, heaven! inspire me!'"

And Sebastian knelt upon the mattress, which served him for a bed every evening. But sleep soon surprised the boy in the midst of his prayers, and his form sank back close to the wall of the studio. Soon he slept soundly.

A glimpse of morning light had already penetrated the studio, when Sebastian awoke. It was three o'clock in the morning; any other child would have turned over and gone to sleep again; but Sebastian had but three hours which he could call his own—three hours of true liberty; so he forced his body to rise, forced his eyes to stay open, and his limbs to move. "Courage! courage! Sebastian!" said he, to himself, giving himself a shake; "three hours are yours, my boy—only three hours; profit by them; the rest is thy master's—let me be my own master for three hours at least."

And the boy roused himself fully.

"First," said he, "let me efface all the faces," and he took a brush dipped in color, then he approached the Virgin, which appeared more pure and lovely in the early dawn.

"Efface it! said he, 'efface it! . . . no, I prefer to be beaten—to be killed! Efface it! they did not dare to, and I—I cannot—oh! no! it breathes! it lives! it speaks! Ah, heaven! if I efface it my heart will break—it will be a murder! No! no! I will finish it!'"

Scarcely had he formed this resolve, ere the palette was grasped in Sebastian's hands—the colors were mixed; soon it was ready, and Sebastian set to work.

The day broke, the sun rose, and Sebastian, absorbed in his work, which grew beneath his hand, worked on—painted on.

"Still a few touches," said he—"now a softer shade here—now the mouth—oh, heaven! the lips speak! the eyes smile upon me! How purely the forehead gleams! Oh! beautiful Virgin!" and Sebastian forgot the hour—forgot his servitude, and the twenty-five lashes; he forgot all—all, everything, and was only an artist—before his work he saw naught beside the head of the Virgin Mary, which seemed to smile upon him. He thought that he was about to expire, poor boy, when hearing a noise

behind him, he turned, and saw the master, and all the students, standing together.

He did not even think of trying to justify himself; his palette in one hand, his brushes in the other, he lowered his head, and awaited in silence the punishment which he thought he had deserved.

There was a moment of profound silence. For if Sebastian was surprised at being caught in the very act, Master Murillo and his scholars were no less surprised with what they saw.

Murillo, imposing silence upon his pupils by a gesture; for their admiration was about to break forth; and hiding his emotion under a cold and stern air, looked at his slave, who seemed to be turned into a statue, and then at the almost breathing Virgin, and said:

"Who was your teacher, Sebastian?"

"You,"—answered the boy in an almost inarticulate voice.

"Your teacher of painting, Sebastian?"

"You, senor," again answered the trembling child.

"I never gave you a single lesson!" answered the astonished Murillo.

"But you instructed the students, and I listened," said the boy, made bolder by the softened tone of his master.

"You did more than listen—by the old patron of Spain! you profited by my instructions!" answered the painter, whose admiration burst forth in spite of himself. "Gentlemen," added he, "does this child deserve punishment or a reward?"

At the word punishment, Sebastian grew giddy; the word reward, reanimated him; still thinking his ears deceived him, he looked timidly towards his master, as if to implore forbearance.

"A recompense, senor," exclaimed all the students at once.

"That is true; but what recompense?"

Sebastian recovered his breath.

"At least ten ducats," cried Mendez.

"Oh! fifteen! gentlemen," said Fernandez.

"No," said Gonzales. "A new dress for the Feast of the Blessed Virgin."

"Speak for yourself, Sebastian," said Murillo, looking at his slave; for he did not appear to heed the suggestions of the students.

"Are these rewards to your taste? I am pleased with thee, child—with your composition, your light and admirable touch, your flesh-tints, with this Virgin's face, and with all your pencil has created; and I will grant whatever you wish. Yes! speak! tell me what you may desire—do not fear, Sebastian! I swear,

by the soul of my father, that whatever you may ask—if it is in my power—shall be granted!"

"Oh! master! if I dared —." And Sebastian fell on his knees before his master; he joined his hands, and in the parted lips of the boy—in his eager eyes—his brow stamped by genius—a wild thought was visible, which timidity prevented him from expressing.

Thinking to make him bolder, or to suggest a brilliant idea, each student gave him a friendly tap, whispering in his ear:

"Ask him for gold, Sebastian." "Ask him for some handsome clothes." "Ask him to take you for his pupil, Sebastian."

"Ask him for the best place in the studio," said Gonzales—whose easel was in the most ill-lit place; he being the latest pupil.

"Come! Sebastian! courage!" said Senor Murillo, smiling at the indecision, which he thought the child felt—"decide, and ask."

"The master is so good to-day," said Fernandez, almost aloud, "that you had better ask for your liberty."

Sebastian uttered a cry of anguish; then raising his eyes to his master, he exclaimed, in a voice choked with tears:

"Oh! my father's freedom! my father's freedom, master!"

"And thine, too, child," said Murillo; and unable to control his emotion, he caught up Sebastian in his arms, and pressed him to his breast.

"Thy pencil has proved thee to be a man of genius—thy request proves thee to be a man of feeling—thou art thus a complete artist. From this day, not only art thou my pupil, but my child! Happy Murillo! I have done more than make pictures, I have made a painter!"

Murillo kept his word; and Sebastian Gomez—better known as "Murillo's mulatto"—became, thanks to his master, one of the greatest painters Spain has ever known. In the churches of Seville, his "Virgin Mary with the Infant Jesus in her arms," his "St. Ann," his "St. Joseph," and a "Christ bound to the Cross," with St. Peter at his feet, are beyond all praise.

Here was a child, obscurely born, who sprung into celebrity by his own merit. If it be noble to bear with honor the name of one's parents, how much more noble is it to make a name, illustrious in itself!

Though justice is not really sold, yet it costs so much that a man must be rich to obtain it.

THE YOUNG METHODIST PREACHER.

BY REV. A. M. SCOTT.

'Twas in the month of February, 1832, and the weather was extremely cold. Snow had fallen all the night previous, and, occasionally during the day, it came down afresh, while the winds blew from the angry north, bearing fleecy flights upon their viewless cars. The cold was bitter and piercing.

Alfred Walton was a mere youth, having not reached his *nineteenth* natal day, by several months. During the preceding autumn he had been licensed to preach, and recommended to the Annual Conference, as a suitable person to travel and preach the gospel. At that conference, there was a call for several ministers to go West, and bear the glad tidings of peace to those bold and daring adventurers who had left the old States, and emigrated west of the great Father of Waters. Alfred and seven others volunteered, and were, by the Bishop, transferred. He received his appointment to a circuit five hundred miles west of the Mississippi, and hastened at once to his field of labor.

The eight young men all set out together from their native State, and travelled in company, until they reached the Territory, now State of ——. They then separated, and each sought his own circuit. Alfred's was further west than any of the rest, and it required the travel of many a weary mile, to enable him to find his destination. Late in January he reached his circuit, and managed to send his appointments around a few days in advance; and then he commenced the great work of preaching to the emigrants, in their new and rustic homes.

Houses were like angels' visits, "few and far between;" for the population was only in settlements, and very sparse at that. It required four weeks to go round his field of labor, and this involved many long rides. There were creeks to swim, mountains to cross, and dim traces to follow. He experienced no little difficulty, when passing round the first time, in finding the way.

The day referred to at the beginning of this article was one occupied in that first "round." At twelve o'clock he preached to about a dozen attentive hearers, who had gathered, for that purpose, at the house of one of the neighbors. Here he learned that his appointment for the

next day was more than thirty miles distant, and that the road would lead him over a mountain. That he might be able to reach it in due time, it was necessary that he should travel some part of the way the same evening.— There was a house on his route, seventeen miles distant, at which he could be entertained, and from it he could, on the following morning, travel the remaining portion of the way.

About two o'clock that cold afternoon, our hero, wrapped up as best he could be, was on the road, pressing on through the *fallen* and *falling* snow. His road was dim at best, and the vast quantity of snow that had fallen, had well-nigh obliterated all traces of it whatever. He was told that no other road intersected his—that he would see no human habitation for seventeen miles; and that he would cross the mountain.

The sun was not more than half an hour high, by the young preacher's watch, when he arrived at the mountain's base. The ascent was steep and difficult, and, in some places, even dangerous. The distance over was three miles, and there he would find shelter for the night. After he had gained the summit, he was fearful that he had missed his way. He could perceive no signs of it—there were no trees standing there, nothing but a few stunted bushes, and vines, and long grass, and these were all bending with a weight of snow. The thought that he was bewildered, and lost on the mountain, and night with all its horrors just at hand, was, by no means, a pleasant reflection. He pressed forward as rapidly as practicable without any road or knowledge of the course, entirely bewildered. He reached the brow of the mountain, just as Night was drawing her dark mantle over hill and dale; but here he found the descent impracticable, and it was with no small share of difficulty that he succeeded at last in finding a place, where—by dismounting, and sliding upon his hands and feet, and forcing his poor horse over huge stones and frightful chasms—he made his way to the valley beneath.

He was now in complete darkness. Briars, vines, and the deep-tangled undergrowth, as well as fallen trunks and branches of huge forest trees, impeded his progress. This was an hour of trial. All hope of reaching a house, that

night, now faded from his mind. He had no means of obtaining fire, and, should he even escape from panthers and wolves, of which, as he knew, there was no scarcity, he felt sure that he would freeze to death before morning. But what could he do? He stopped, and was standing by his horse, and shivering with cold. He began to conclude that he had pretty well run his race, and must perish in the lone, wild woods, with none to witness his last agony. Just as despair was claiming him as a victim, he distinctly heard the sound of an axe—some one was chopping wood not six hundred yards distant. Inspired with fresh hope, he pressed forward, thinking to get to some house, or perhaps to some hunter's camp, where, at least, he could find fire. In a few moments he found a road. He then mounted his horse, and soon saw the glimmering of fire, and heard the voices of children.

Here was a small log house, with no fence around it. There seemed to be no other house, as a kitchen, meat house, crib, or stable, at hand. A lad was chopping wood—six or eight dogs barked very furiously at the stranger, as he rode up; but were pacified by a simple word from the wood-chopper. A woman came to the door. He asked her if he could find entertainment for the night.

"Well, indeed, sir," said she, "it's a mighty bad chance!"

"But, madam, I know of no other. It is very cold and dark, and I'm almost frozen. I wish to stay, if you can only permit me to sit by your fire."

"Yes, sir, you can stay. We're mighty poor people; but we can feed your horse, and give you such fare as we have every day."

"That'll do, madam,—it's all I can ask."

"Light, sir, and some in! John, (to the boy) take this man's horse, and turn out old Speck, and put him in the pen, and give him some corn. Children, get out of the gentleman's way! Here, sir, take that stool. We're too poor to have chairs!"

The floor was earthen, beaten hard and made smooth. The chimney was of rude construction, and there was a large fire of hickory logs burning, as Alfred Walton drew up before it. At one side of the fire-place, was a table, made by driving four small stakes, forked at the upper end, into the ground, and laying upon them two parallel poles, across which rough oaken boards were placed. At this table sat three men each on a stool, and intently engaged in a game of cards. Beside the cards a bottle and a tin cup occupied their respec-

tive places on the table, evidently for the convenience of this interesting trio.

One of the men seized the bottle and cup, and poured out a portion of the contents of the former into the latter, and offering it to Mr. Walton, said: "Here's something to warm you better than the fire! Try some!"

"Thank you, sir," said the preacher. "I can soon warm by this fire, and I do not wish to drink any spirits."

"May be the young gentleman belongs to the temperance," suggested the woman.

"If he does," said the man, "what of it? This is a case of necessity."

"I do not wish to drink—thank you, sir!" said the preacher, and commenced taking off his snow-shoes, leggings, and overcoat.

"Mamma, looky here!" said a little red-headed girl, as she pointed at his watch chain.

"What is it, mamma?"

"He's got two pair o' shoes on one foot, and two coats!" exclaimed a little boy.

"Come away, children!" said the mother.

"The poor things never see anything or anybody out here, in the woods, and they're growing up like wolves."

The men at the table emptied the cup which Alfred Walton had refused, and continued their nefarious game. Their stakes seemed to be acorns, most probably because they had no money, and, for the want of excitement, they made frequent application to the potent liquid contained in the bottle. They seemed to be inclined to proceed with the game, and to leave the newly arrived to enjoy the fire. The woman busied herself in preparing some supper for the traveller; but managed to keep up a conversation with him, in which she soon evinced a curiosity to know who he was, that, some tell us, is a characteristic of Eve's daughters everywhere.

Alfred Walton had hastily formed the conclusion that—as he was among gamblers and the profane, and could not avoid their society for the night—it would, perhaps, be policy in him "to lie low and keep dark;" to pass for a traveller, merely, and not to afford an idea that he was a circuit preacher. The woman, however, had determined to know who he was.

"Here, sir," said she, "pick up your seat, and sit by this shelf, and have some supper. The others have been bear-hunting, and had dinner late, and they may do without supper."

The preacher arose and seated himself as she directed. She gave him some coffee in a tin cup, without sugar or cream—then some corn-bread just baked—some venison, pretty well

prepared, and some wild honey, with which he made a supper by no means unpalatable.

While he was eating, she said: "'Spose you do not live in these parts?"

"No, ma'am! I'm a stranger!"

"Perhaps you're looking at the country?"

"Well, ma'am, I see the country as I pass through, but that is not my business."

"Are you buying lands?"

"No, ma'am, I do not buy any lands."

"Do you belong to this company of surveyors?"

"No, ma'am, I do not know any thing about them."

"What is your name?"

"My name is Alfred Walton, ma'am!"

"I used to know some Waltons in Kaintucky, when I was a gal; prehaps they were your kin?"

"I presume not, ma'am. I have no relatives there, that I know of."

The woman had not yet gratified her curiosity, and sat mute for a while, probably, wondering how she could ascertain what was his business, in this new country. Just now she happened to call to mind that some one had seen a man at the mill a few days before, who was buying up all the peltry that he could find, and she jumped at the conclusion that this young man was the same.

"You're buying deer skins?" said she.

"No, ma'am," said the preacher, "I am seeking the lost sheep of the House of Israel!"

"I do say!" exclaimed she. "There was a wether here day before yesterday. I dare say it was yourn!"

She was satisfied. He was sheep-hunting. All right! She began now to look over her husband's shoulder, and take some interest in the game of cards, the meanwhile leaving our young *sheep-hunter* to enjoy his thoughts. These thoughts soon ran thus: "I'm a professed preacher of the gospel. I'm sent to call not the righteous, but sinners, to repentance. My commission is to all the world—my message is to every creature. But to-night I am by no means doing the work of an evangelist. I am ashamed of my calling, and have concealed my true character! Who knows but Heaven has guided my footsteps hither, that I might bear the message of life to these poor people. It shall not be so. I will tell the woman *who* and *what* I am, and talk with her seriously, of Death and Judgment, of Salvation and Heaven!"

"Have you any preaching in this country?" inquired Alfred Walton of the woman.

"No, sir," replied she. "I haven't heard a sarment since I left Kaintuck, twelve year ago. They do say that there's preachin' at Mr. McCan's, about twelve miles from here; but my old man never goes to meetin'."

"Would you like to hear a sermon, if you had a chance?"

"Yes; I would be very glad. My poor children never have heard a sarment, or anybody pray, in all their born days; and we've got no meetin' house close to us—and no clothes fit to wear among white people—and we're livin' just like heathens."

"You have a Bible, have you not?"

"Oh! no, sir—not now. My mother gave me one when I was married, and I used to read it considerable. But my old man said it was all a cheat, and he used it all up for waddin' for his shot-gun. There aint a book of any sort about this house. My children don't know their letters, and I expect that I have forgot how to read in this time."

"Well, my good woman, I am a preacher myself. It is the lost sheep of the House of Israel that I am seeking. I am the preacher that is to hold meeting at McCan's to-morrow, if I can find the way. I got lost, and accidentally found my way to your house. I am willing to hold prayers for you to-night, if you have no objections."

"Roderick!" cried she to her husband, "put up them cards, and that bottle! This gentleman's a preacher!"

Strange to say, Roderick immediately arose from the table, and shuffled cards and bottle out of sight. Then turning his stool around to the fire, he paid particular attention to all the preacher said and did. The other two men were too much intoxicated to notice any thing, and were soon snoring in the corner. Mr. Walton took out his Bible, and read the XIV. chapter of our Lord's gospel, by St. John—sung a hymn, and knelt down and prayed. He asked Heaven to pity this poor family—to bless his accidental visit to them, and to lead them in the way of life everlasting.

On closing prayers he observed that the woman was in tears, and her husband quite serious. He felt encouraged, and proceeded to tell the children, in a plain, familiar way, the history of the cross, and the plan of salvation. They heard attentively, and seemed to be deeply interested.

Early the next morning he held prayers for them again, and after breakfast he prepared to leave them. They refused to accept any pay for his lodging; but said, that if he would ac-

cept their poor fare, they would be glad to see him at any time. The man went with him on foot about six miles, to put him into a trail that would lead him to McCan's.

When Mr. Walton came round again to McCan's, the same man and woman attended his meeting, and heard him preach. The second time, they came again, with two sons and a daughter—all of them walked twelve miles to hear more of Heaven, and to learn the way. Before Mr. Walton's year closed, the husband and wife, two sons and three daughters, had all professed faith in Christ, and became members of the church.

* * * *

The rapid years have since sped away. Nearly a quarter of a century has elapsed. That

wilderness has been made "to blossom as the rose." The woodman's axe has felled the forest, and agriculture has spread out her furrowed fields. That man lived nearly twenty years the life of a devoted follower of Christ, and died in hope of Heaven. His wife still lives. She has obtained another Bible, and loves to read its precious truths, and to meditate upon its holy precepts. Two of the girls, after arriving at mature years, and leading exemplary lives, died and went to rest. One son, the one that was chopping wood, is now a professor in a western college; and the other—the one that was surprised at the preacher having two shoes on one foot—is a distinguished and eloquent minister of the gospel.

IMMORTALITY.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

PASSING away! this solemn thought

Can ne'er again be banished;
One after one the bright young dreams,
The glowing hopes, and golden gleams
Of life, have sadly vanished.

How strange they seem! these silver threads,
Amid my tresses shining;
A furrow *here*, and *there* a line;
Impressive monitors, that time
Hast'neth to its declining!

And yet, it seems but yesterday
Since I, a child, was straying,
'Mid wildwood flowers, in thoughtless glee,
Or, bending by my mother's knee,
The nightly prayer was saying.

Or, later still, another scene

On memory's canvas waking,
A timid bride—'mid smiles and tears,
With glowing hopes, and trembling fears,
From the home-circle breaking.

A changeful path, a chequered scene,
By light and darkness shaded—
O, Life! how strange a thing thou art;
But stranger still the human heart,
When the frail form has faded.

Buoyant and bright, and youthful still,
The spirit-fires are burning,
Earth's wither'd blossoms only feed
The deathless flame, and heavenward lead
The spirit's yearning.

D. R. KANE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

SOFTLY 'mid thy country's mourning
Hast thou "gone to sleep,"
With such wreaths thy brow adorning
As God's angels keep—
Keep upon the mountains royal,
Where thou walk'st to-day,
Crowned of God, and man immortal,
Great heart! passed away!

Not with plume, and tramp, and banner,
Art thou lain to rest.
Fitter that these March winds clamor
Dirges o'er thy breast.

Victor in that Titan battle,
Won o'er storm and main,
Where no spring flowers cleft the mantle
Of white mount and plain.

Hero! peaceful 'mid thy laurels
Shall thy slumbers be;
Far beyond the sapphire portals,
God hath called for thee,
And a nation's heart in sorrow
Shall be bowed in vain,
While round thee, God's great "Hosanna"
Shakes the crystal plain!

—[*Journal and Courier.*]

STANDING UP WITH THE SCHOOLMASTER.

BY HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

"SCHOOLMASTER—Lizzie Wayne laughed out loud!" cried a big boy from the corner of the school-room. The teacher, a handsome young man of twenty-two, looked around in amazement.

"Is that true, Elizabeth?" he inquired, taking a few steps toward a little girl in one of the back seats, who sat with crimsoning cheeks, and downcast eyes, the very image of shame and terror. There was no need to repeat the question.

"What! You, Lizzie! one of my best girls! I am very sorry." And in truth the kind-hearted teacher *was* deeply sympathising with the child; for Lizzie Wayne had been his especial favorite, and never before had he had occasion to punish or reprove her. A serious look of his large brown eyes, when he read in the child's speaking countenance that her thoughts were more on "fun" than study, was the only check he had as yet found necessary in Lizzie's case; though we are speaking of a district school twenty years ago, when, as many of us know, school discipline was quite another thing from what it is at present.

Then, too, Lizzie was so docile, so smiling, so apt to learn, and repaid his exertions for her improvement so abundantly, that it was impossible to help feeling more than a common degree of interest in her. If a difficult test question were propounded, or a puzzling sum to be wrought upon the black-board, Lizzie's black eyes never failed to sparkle, and her little fat hand to rise, in token of her readiness to answer. Though not yet thirteen, she had distanced nearly all the older scholars, and invariably occupied the highest place in her classes. And now she was in disgrace—poor little Lizzie!

The school was large, and not a few of the pupils, particularly among the older boys, disposed to insubordination, and even open disobedience. In fact the teacher of the previous winter had actually been conquered and expelled from the house by them. In view of this, Mr. Clinton had deemed it necessary to adopt stringent rules, and rigidly adhere to them. He had got on exceedingly well through the first half of the term; but, of late, symptoms of rebellion had manifested themselves, which induced him, among other new regula-

tions, to give notice that any scholar guilty of laughing aloud in school hours, should be punished by standing on the floor by the teacher's side. Lizzie, though not the first, was the oldest girl who had yet incurred the penalty, and this, added to the fact that she had never in her life received correction in school, made her mortification and grief painful indeed to witness.

Mr. Clinton, however, suspected what she did not—that it was jealousy of her high standing in his esteem that had led some of the larger boys to watch her conduct, and inform against her. He knew that he was accused, in school parlance, of "showing partiality" to Lizzie Wayne, and felt that it would be hazarding his authority over his pupils now to make an exception in her favor. So it was with a feeling of real concern that he entered her seat and said gently: "Elizabeth, your conduct has hitherto been so unexceptionable that I cannot help thinking this matter a sad accident; nevertheless, you will, I believe, submit willingly to the penalty, as a good girl should, for the sake of order and discipline in the school."

Lizzie did not speak; but the pitying teacher could see that she trembled in every limb, and that the perspiration had started in large beads on her burning forehead. "If I remit the penalty for you, Lizzie, I must for another, and another, and then there would be an end of school government. Do you not perceive this?"

"Yes, sir!" whispered Lizzie.

"Come, then, and show before the school that you love law and order well enough to submit quietly to a just and necessary regulation, however unintentional your offence may have been."

Still Lizzie did not move. To stand in the middle of that great, light room, with forty-five pairs of curious eyes bent scrutinizingly, and some, I am sorry to say, triumphantly upon her! It was more than her sensitive nature could contemplate unappalled.

Mr. Clinton saw that it was not obstinacy, but unconquerable fear and diffidence that prevented her from obeying; and rightly judging that her embarrassment would only increase with continued suspense, he took her arm and whispering, "Come, my child; time presses;" led her gently from her seat. Poor Lizzie rose

and with a feeling as if she were being whirled over the Falls of Niagara, followed him into the floor.

Mr. Clinton did not conduct her to the centre of the room, but left her standing a few feet from her own desk, and facing it while he went on with the recitations; and in fifteen minutes permitted her to return to her seat. But for more than an hour Lizzie's tear-swollen cheek was rested sadly on her desk; and not for the whole day did her bright face fling out its wonted sunshine. Very soberly she put on her bonnet and cloak at the hour of dismissal, and scarcely raised her eyes, as in accordance with the usual custom, she bade the teacher good evening.

"I hope she has not conceived a dislike for me, and a repugnance to the school, from this unfortunate affair," said Clinton to himself, as he locked the school-room door, and looked after the interesting culprit, now slowly mounting the steps of her father's house. "So obedient as she has always been, and so sweet-tempered. I would rather it had been any other girl in the school." But next day, though Lizzie looked a little shy at first, a few kind words and tokens of confidence from her teacher, set all right between them; and the engaging little maiden kept her place as Mr. Clinton's best scholar for the remainder of the winter, and even on the dreaded "Examination day."

Six years afterward, one clear, starry evening, in winter, a large party of young people, with not a few elderly ones interspersed, were assembled about a bright fire in Mr. Wayne's commodious parlor. A minister is there, looking, however, at this time, anything but solemn; but the cynosure of all eyes is our friend Lizzie, who, more beautiful than even her childhood promised, and most charmingly dressed, withal, is standing at one end of the room, leaning confidently upon the arm of a gentleman, who ever and anon looks down into her beaming eyes with a proud and tender smile.

It is Lizzie's wedding night. Already the few weighty sentences have been spoken, and now, while she stands there, waiting to receive the congratulations of her friends, the bridegroom suddenly bends down, and whispers in her ear:

"Do you know, darling, that you have just now, of your own accord, and with apparent willingness, assumed a position which you once before occupied, though not without great reluctance, and if I remember rightly, some little constraint?"

"No!" answered the bride, looking up in perplexity, "what position do you mean, pray?"

"*Standing up with the Schoolmaster,*" he replied gaily, just as a troop of merry beaux and belles came up to "kiss the bride." One roguish hoyden, who remembered the circumstance well, had caught his words, and now increased Lizzie's confusion by exclaiming: "Oh, my dear Mrs. Clinton! Have you been laughing in school again? Take care—take care! It's a dreadfully mortifying thing to stand on the floor with the Schoolmaster!"

THE TWO MAPS.—I will relate an anecdote connected with this projected edifice (the Residency of Hyderabad) that will satisfy you that the Princes of the East do not lose much of their valuable time in the study of geography. Major Kirkpatrick, the Resident at this country, wished to obtain the grant of two or three fields, to erect the structure upon. He requested the engineer of the English force stationed at Hyderabad to make an exact survey of the spot, and when this was finished upon a large sheet he carried it to the Durbar, and, showing it to the Nizam, requested he would give the English government a grant of the ground. The Prince, after gravely examining the survey, said he was sorry he could not comply with the request. When the Resident was retiring, not a little disconcerted at the refusal of a favor which he deemed so trifling, Meer Allum (the Minister) said to him with a smile, "Do not be annoyed. You frightened the Nizam with the size of the plan you showed him. Your fields were almost as large as any of the maps of the kingdom he had yet seen. No wonder," said the Meer laughing, "he did not like to make such a cession. Make a survey upon a reduced scale, and the difficulty will vanish." The Resident could hardly believe this would be the case. But when, at his next interview, he presented the same survey upon a small card, the ready and cheerful assent of the Prince satisfied him, that the Meer had been quite correct in his guess at the cause of his former failure.—*Kay's Life of Sir John Malcolm.*

DEPEND upon it, the most fatal idleness is that of the heart; and the man who feels weary of life may be sure that he does not love his fellow creatures as he ought.

LINNÆUS,

THE CELEBRATED SWEDISH NATURALIST.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

This famous naturalist—who is justly entitled to be considered as the founder of modern Botany, and who has acquired a renown which is unimpaired by time—was born in the little village of Smoland, in Sweden, on the 23d of May, 1707. His father was by profession a clergyman, and intended to bring up his son to the same mode of life; but for this the genius of Linnæus was not at all adapted. Although Linnæus continued at school until he was seventeen years of age, yet he did not make that progress which was desirable, because he occupied himself more with the study of nature than with theological researches. The intentions of his parent and preceptor were thus frustrated, and the latter was so disgusted with his pupil, that he suggested the propriety of his being put to some manual occupation. His father now sought to make him a shoemaker, and was only prevented by Dr. Rothman, who, after much trouble, finally succeeded in inducing the offended and mortified parent to allow his son to study medicine. Rothman understood the powerful inclination of Linnæus for the natural sciences. He took the youth gratuitously into his own house, gave him private instruction, and thus qualified him for the University of Lund, which he entered in 1727. Here he remained one year as a student of medicine, living in great poverty, notwithstanding that he received assistance from several eminent savans, as Boerhaave, Olaus Rubeck, and Lillian Stobæus, who appreciated his genius, and sought to aid him in his difficulties. The last mentioned philosopher, Lillian Stobæus, possessed an excellent library, and museum of natural history, to which he gave Linnæus free access, and at the same time admission to his table.

At length, in 1728, by the advice of Rothman, Linnæus left Lund for Upsal, on account of the superior advantages for study which that place afforded. His father advanced him Swedish money, in value about forty dollars, and informed him, at the same time, it was all the paternal assistance he was ever to expect. Thus was this eminent man thrown upon the world whilst he was as yet only a student in the profession by which he was to earn a livelihood. His little patrimony was, of course, but too soon exhausted; but whilst in these cir-

cumstances—struggling against poverty the most depressing—*whilst almost starving*—he was arranging in his own mind his celebrated “Artificial System.”

In the autumn of 1729, whilst engaged in studying the plants in the garden of the University, he was accosted by Celsus, a professor of divinity, and an eminent naturalist, who was engaged at that time in preparing a work on the plants mentioned in Scripture. A little conversation soon apprised Celsus of the extraordinary botanical attainments of Linnæus, and perceiving his necessitous circumstances, he took him to live in his own house. Under the shelter of the hospitable roof of Celsus—who thus did the world a service—Linnæus drew up a treatise on botany, which he showed to Celsus, by whom it was presented to Rudbeck the botanical professor, who had the liberality to bestow on it his warmest approbation. As Rudbeck was much advanced in life, he desired an assistant, and Linnæus was appointed. He was next invited by the Academy of Sciences at Upsal to examine the plants of northern Lapland, and his zeal, perseverance, and industry, together with the manifestations of his wonderful talents, won for him additional esteem.

The great object of his wishes had always been the Professorship of Botany at Upsal, and on Rudbeck's death in 1741, he was elected to the vacant chair. Under him botany made considerable advances at the University. His immortal works, his method of illustrating his lessons by living samples, extended his fame far and near, and attracted from every quarter students, among whom were some who imbibed from him as their preceptor, a taste for the science which they afterwards helped to diffuse throughout the civilized world.

He was afterwards by the king of Sweden elevated to the rank of a nobleman, and was finally appointed private physician to the royal family. Thus he became a great and wealthy man despite of all the difficulties with which he had to contend, in the earlier period of his life. His opulence was so great that he was enabled to purchase an estate near Upsal, which was his chief summer residence during the last fifteen years of his life.

His father, who had so often grieved at the

perverseness of his son's disposition, in hunting plants and flowers, lived to see him, not only professor of botany at Upsal, but private physician to the king, caressed by the noblemen of Sweden, and honored by all the learned men of Europe. At length, after he had pub-

lished more than one hundred greater and smaller works, he died on the 8th of January, 1778, and was buried with every mark of public respect. It is but proper to add, that his views of nature impressed him with the most devout sentiments towards its AUTHOR.

HA!—HA!

BY A. L. OTIS.

THE interest of two or three influential and obliging friends procured me the privilege of making my *debut* as lecturer, before the great Society.

I expended several months' agony and industry upon my maiden effort, before I let even my former chum, and present friend, Ned Gwynne, guess that I was about it. Secrecy seemed to add charm and inspiration to my work.

At last I had my cub in form, and I proposed reading my production to Gwynne.

"Agreeable," said he. "I'll be around to-night, and bring half a dozen of the fellows with me, if you like. Then you can try it before an audience." "Good," I replied. So they came, boisterous with high spirits.

I began the reading with an unsteady voice, and hand that *would* shake the paper, so that I had to lay it down.

"There's a fine sentiment," cried Hal Brent, suddenly, and startled me so that I stopped short. "Yes, yes, go on," cried the others.

I proceeded. My subject was, "The lucky man." "Throw him into the Nile, and he will come up with a fish in his mouth," says an Arab proverb, and mine was a humorous lecture to prove it *true*.

I soon had the satisfaction of seeing my friends in convulsions of laughter. They cheered and they encored, and they roared with merriment, until I almost began to think with Holmes, that I must hardly.

— "dare to be
As funny as I can."

After the vociferous cheering at the close of my lecture and a snug time afterwards over an oyster supper, seasoned with plenty of flattery, they left me. I was in high feather.

The dreaded evening came. I took my place in the chair behind the desk, without being observed by the audience, and sat there, trying to

feel easy and indifferent, but in reality almost smothered by the size and sudden activity of my heart.

At the right time I arose, but nearly fell down again, when they began to clap! However, I was only staggered, and recovered.

I began to speak without looking up, but it seemed to me I made no more sound than if I spoke from under a feather bed. I cleared my throat, lifted my voice, and glanced at my audience.

Again I felt almost as if struck by lightning, when I saw the thousand pairs of eyes all fixed upon me! It was horrid! They seemed to bore into my very brain and through it, and clinch on the other side. I felt riddled. It grew upon me, too. No where could my unfortunate optics alight without being stabbed by a sharp gaze. The people were cruelly attentive!

I remembered that a man standing on a dizzy height has no safety except in closed eyes, so I dropped mine to my notes, drew a long breath, and launched out. I plunged boldly, rapidly, on—never thinking of the effect I was producing, only hoping I should not be confused, and stop altogether—until I came to the joke which Hal Brent had applauded the night before. Then I paused, and stole a glance around; but not a soul even smiled!

What a turn it gave me! Pshaw! I was actually sick!

But I was in for it! I gulped down my feelings, and read on. One of my good things after another was come to, and passed, and not a clap or a smile did I elicit! I began to feel like hiding under the table! The most "palpable hit" would have been a failure if I had read it with that sinking heart and parched tongue.

I saw on the desk a glass of water. I seized it—drank, and was refreshed instantly. I gathered courage for one desperate effort—I made it, and gave forth my very best joke!

For an instant there was dumb silence, and then—oh, delight inexpressible!—it was greeted by a loud, hearty "Ha—Ha!" from one individual, and that setting others going, there was for an instant a merry shaking of the air with laughter, and then a tremendous clap!

That knocked the fire into my eyes, and the fun into my voice! I went on with gusto! Not one hit failed afterwards, and I was astonished half a dozen times by sudden merriment where I had not intended a joke at all!

After the lecture, friends crowded around to congratulate me; among others Ned Gwynne.

We locked arms, and walked home together.

"You had a narrow escape, Al, I can tell you!" he said. "Your lecture was funny, but folks would never have known it if some one had not given them the cue. They never do. They would have listened to the whole of it, as if you had been reading the lamentations of Jeremiah, if I had not come out with that rousing ha—ha! Did you see how it set folks off?"

"Now, Ned," I said, "you are making that out of whole cloth! That was not you. I

knew well enough by the sound of it, that that lucky ha—ha! was spontaneous. And that is why it was so irresistible. Come, don't shear me of my honors, and make out that the audience did not laugh at me, but at you!"

"Fact," said Ned—"a humiliating fact! It is quite absolutely necessary that you should come down off your high horse! If you are the lucky man, I put the fish in your mouth, when you were floundering in your Nile of trouble! I saved you. All would have been up with you, if I had not come in with my ha—ha! and set them off like mad! But you are right, too. It was no trick. It was a genuine spontaneous laugh, as you say—and I'll tell you what occasioned it: Standing up there, desperately reading off your jokes, without exciting one smile—you did look so like a fool!—"

He was out of arm's reach, and the last I heard of him that night, was the same irresistibly funny Ha—Ha! echoing at brief intervals along the street he took!

But for all that, I have held Ned Gwynne as my friend in time of need ever since.

HOW MOLLIE WAS CURED OF TATTLING.

A TRUE STORY.

EVERYBODY in Sylvan Dell said, "Oh I'm so sorry," when they heard that our old neighbor, James Gray, had sold his farm, and intended moving west, in a month at farthest. James was such a good, honest man, we couldn't think of his leaving us, and his wife—why Maggie Gray was called the best, and kindest, and most obliging woman in the neighborhood, for miles around! But all his folks and her folks lived in Wisconsin, and they wanted to live near them.

It was a sad morning when the bran-new, neatly-painted wagon stood before the door of James' snug little cottage, with its snow-white cover, and nice fixings; and all the neighbor-women gathered round, helping put things in, and wiping their eyes, and the men turning around to look away down the lane, at the old oaks they'd seen ever since they were shrubs, just so they could hide their tears and the blessed weakness that they were ashamed of.

Maggie's voice was low and unsteady as she told Mollie Smith she wished her, for dear

friendship's sake, to accept the three-cornered cupboard, with the few things inside; and for Auntie Layton to keep that little work-stand as a gift; and Ella McLane the clothes-basket, and wash-kettle, and spool-stand; and for Grandma Davis the big rocking-chair; and young Mrs. Lewis was to have the cradle; and thus she went on giving away presents as well as her poor voice could tell it, until James called to her that they were ready to start.

With streaming eyes, she sank down into the rocking-chair, and the women gathered around, and gave her good-bye kisses and tears, until it came Mollie's turn; and then, if you'd heard Mollie talk, you would have thought she loved Maggie a good deal better than her own husband did. It seemed as if her heart would break as she hung around Maggie's neck, and called her angel, and darling, and friend, and school-mate, and lamb, and all the good names she could think of. Maggie had cried herself helpless and weak, and her Uncle John came in and took her up in his stout arms and put

her in the wagon; and with a farewell that suppressed sobs turned into a moan, James struck the beautiful dapple gray, on the off side, and they soon wound around the slope, out of our sight.

By that time some were weeping audibly, but Mollie's pinky eyes were peering into her cupboard, and she was heard to say satisfactorily to herself: "She did pretty well by me, I think." There was a complete set of snow-white china, and knives and forks, and dainty spoons, and almost every thing that belonged in a cupboard.

One would think that she would have wept anew at the generous gift from dear Maggie; but she only laughed, and began comparing it with those the others had received.

The reason that Maggie so loved her, and was blind to her many glaring faults, was, that they had been brought up together on adjacent farms, had played together in babyhood, and learned to love each other as they pursued the same studies in the district school.

In the long summer times, Maggie would carry her spinning-wheel across the meadows over to farmer Smith's, and they would spin together on the long, wide, cool porch, over which the grape-vines were clambering, and they would have such fine times, and spin so many more knots in a day, than if one wheel buzzed its unchorussed song all day alone.

Then the next week, Mollie would fetch her wheel over to farmer Townsend's, and away up in the third story, most big enough for a ball-room, with its eight windows open, the two happy girls would trip backwards and forwards, merrily singing and laughing, from cool daylight till the dreamy haze of twilight admonished them of rest.

In a few weeks a young man who had accompanied James, to assist in taking out two other horses, returned, and when we all gathered around him, to hear the news, he commenced back at the time they left Sylvan Dell, and told us all, on until they arrived there.

He said three days before they reached their place of destination, something broke about the wagon, and while James and he were cutting a stout pin of hickory to mend it temporarily, Maggie, who was tired, got out to walk a while, and went on until she came to where the roads forked, and there she had to sit down and wait until they came up. He said they had it for a joke on her, and made a good deal of sport of it. This in itself was a simple little incident, and not worth relating, but it

proved like a hemp-seed, or an acorn. Alas, for poor erring human nature!

The next day I was in the village, and heard that Maggie had got angry, and got out of the wagon, and walked on, on, until she became exhausted and could go no further.

And the next day, as the story gathered, they said she had quarrelled with James, and got out of the wagon, and swore she would not ride another mile. The next week after, Mollie was at our house, and she told us that it was a fact, that Maggie walked on all the rest of the way, and wouldn't cook a bite for them, nor sleep in the wagon of nights, and that James was most crazy, and the talk was, that he was coming back to Ohio alone.

So the story went on, and it was confined almost wholly to those who were the recipients of Maggie's generosity. Oh, it was base, inhuman, to repay the gentle-hearted, loving Maggie thus!

It seemed that of all Maggie's friends, Mollie should here most resented the foul slander, but she seemed to love it, as a carnivorous animal gluts itself on putridity.

Two weeks had elapsed, and we all met at Maggie's Uncle John's, to help Ida finish her new sun-flower quilt. Uncle John had gone to the office, expecting a letter from his relatives in the west, and so the conversation naturally turned upon Maggie and James; and now the story was ripe—dead ripe, and Mollie—selfish, demon-hearted Mollie, (I feel as if I'd never like the name of Mollie any more,) had the satisfaction of telling "that awful story just as they had told it to her." They said that Maggie did act too bad, that when she slept in the woods alone at night, James would beg of Mr. Graham, the young man who accompanied them, to go and coax her not to expose herself so; he thought may be she would heed him, but that she didn't care for James any more, and he had no influence over her.

"And they do say," said Mollie, lowering her voice, "there was talk of Mr. Graham and her running off together, and that James found it out and that is why young Graham came back to this so soon. Oh, it is awful, but I always thought she wasn't the woman some folks took her to be!"—

"Oh, mercy," screamed Ida, bursting into the room where the quilters were, "here is father with a letter from the west, and it has a black seal! Oh, Oh!" and she sank into the nearest chair.

Uncle John came right in with an excited air, and pushing his hat back off his moist brow,

broke the ominous seal, and read aloud as follows:

DEAR UNCLE. Our precious Maggie is no more! Last Sunday a little sore came in that winsome dimple in her chin, and as it grew larger, and more painful, others broke out all over her face and neck, and in five days she was among the angels. The doctors called the disease putrid erysipelas. She died happy, and rejoicing in her Saviour. Our home is broken up; my babes motherless; myself distracted. She had just finished a long letter to her dear friend Mollie. She left nearly all her clothes for her, and many valuable books and presents. I will send them by express. Pray God, dear

uncle, that He may give me abundantly of his grace and faith and strength to look upward and bear my heavy affliction.

Your stricken relative,

JAMES GRAY.

I looked at Mollie; she was wringing her hands and saying, "Oh, God forgive me! Oh, my poor injured, loving, lost Maggie!"

That was a bitter lesson for us all, and has wholly cured poor Mollie of tattling, and magnifying little stories, and traducing her neighbors.

May others profit by it, too—in that hope was it written.

Sylvan Dell, O.

SPIRIT MELODIES.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

NIGHT, dark and starless night, like a sable pall, rests heavily upon the silent Earth. The wild throbbings of busy life are hushed, and alone in my solitary chamber, I enjoy the luxury of quiet thought. *Alone!* yet soft, invisible fingers sweep the strings of my spirit-harp, sending forth gushes of unearthly melody. The theme is "*Love*, and its hallowed influences." Not that uncertain flame, which revels with the untamed passions of the carnal mind; nor yet the deeper, purer, holier, *mother-love*. But that than which earth or heaven knows no greater—*God's love for man!* What untiring watchfulness—what constant care—what patient forbearance—what faithful discipline! How beautiful the impressions wrought by *this love* upon the hearts, characters, and lives of his children! *Sin* has curtained every avenue of life with gloomy drapery; and paved each path with rough, and flinty pebbles.

But *Love Divine* has poured a flood of heavenly light upon the pilgrim's path, and transformed those cutting pebbles into grains of finest gold.

Does Fame unbidden bind her garland on the Christian's brow? He remembers that it will soon wither, and is not inflated with the homage of poor, short-lived man. His consecrated talents bind him *closer* to the cross of Christ. Does Wealth pour her glittering coffers at his feet! Carefully, as his master's steward, he gathers the shining treasure into his storehouse, but it has many outlets, flowing ever in-

to the arid wastes of life. Is he poor? Does the gaunt figure of *Want* preside at his humble board? He remembers that the noblest Form, which ever graced the earth, was cradled in a manger. Is he homeless? He reflects "the blessed Saviour 'had not where to lay his head.' Yet I have a title to a mansion not made with hands." Is he friendless? No! No! He has a friend "that sticketh closer than a brother." Jesus loves the *poor*. Do disappointments, toils, sorrows, press heavily upon the weary spirit? They are white-winged messengers, warbling sweet memories of Him, who hath promised, "Lo! I am with you always."

Does the cold grave fold its icy arms around the objects of his love? Affection, veiled in weeds of sackcloth, may linger round the sepulchre, to weep, but the finger of Faith points steadily upward. There, a little in advance, he sees the fragile bark safely moored. The wild tempests of earth, perchance, hurried it on, with fearful rapidity, but God was at the helm. It has outridden the storms and anchored in joyful triumph. *We*, requiring longer discipline, are struggling on life's ocean. Yet not alone! Unerring Wisdom *plans* our cause, but *Love Divine* will *execute*.

THE COMMON FAILING.—How degraded are men by constantly making themselves fools, because others do so! The words "everybody does so," seems to stand them, instead of reason and conscience!

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY;

OR, THE SCIENCE OF HOUSEKEEPING.—ILLUSTRATED.

[We occupy more than our usual space this month for the particular benefit of our lady house-keeping readers, of whom the *Home Magazine* has a large proportion. The following article, from "Life Illustrated," is so valuable and interesting, and the subject so pertinent to the times, and the wants of our fair friends, that we give it entire without apology.]

It is one of the paradoxes of the age that while housekeeping, cooking, and eating form one of the principal parts of the business of a woman's life, and one also with which the welfare of the others is closely connected, that the whole system of her education, from the cradle until she arrives at womanhood, not only ignores any connection with this subject as part of her duty, but totally unfits her for the performance of it in after life. Accustomed to look upon herself as a piece of rare china, whose only business is to serve an ornamental purpose, or a delicate exotic, which must be watered and tended, and kept in a temperature where the winds may not blow upon it too roughly, simply for the pleasure of being looked at, she forgets that her feet and hands were ever made to serve a useful purpose, or that her rare and beautiful senses were given for anything but to assist in her enjoyment of the pleasures prepared for her.

This has become a great and crying evil; it is destroying the very foundation of our social system. Women are becoming no longer fit for wives and mothers, and young men are afraid to tie themselves for life to girls who, instead of being *real* helpmates, and making for them a happy home, will turn out merely a dilution of the list of accomplishments at an ordinary boarding-school, or a walking advertisement for a fashionable French milliner. It is notorious that the average number of marriages has greatly decreased within the last ten years (in proportion to the increase in population,) due mainly, without doubt, to the worse than useless system of education, and the increasing extravagance of our young women. This is a significant fact, as it incloses in a nut-shell the fearful advance in licentiousness of our young men, and the dangers of celibacy in connection with wounded pride, idleness, and disappointed affection to young women.

Mothers have much to answer for in this matter, and more, because they have not the excuse of ignorance. They know the duties of a wife and mother; they know that a woman who undertakes these responsibilities can not shirk them—they can not put them off on hired domestics, even if it so hap-

pens that she can afford to keep them—and yet, knowing all this, they bring up daughters in total ignorance of a woman's most common duties, and sell them to the highest bidders knowing it to be a swindle, and that the poor fellow has not obtained the half of what he bargained for.

Many mothers plead that their daughters leave home for school at so early an age that it is impossible to teach them the science of domestic life; that then they are so engrossed by studies, and afterward by society, that it is found impossible to pay any attention to the subject. This only proves that cooking and housekeeping, according to the most approved and best regulated methods, should form an important branch of instruction in all female academies. It might be taught in connection with chemistry, with which it is closely allied and very graphic illustrations deduced from the extensive repertoire of the experienced housekeeper; and this brings us to the subject of this article, which is the new movement in this city, to interest housekeepers in the philosophy of their functions, and apply the discoveries of science to the ordinary routine of daily life.

We have before alluded to a course of lectures, by Professor Hume, on chemistry applied to household purposes, illustrated by very interesting experiments, and simple articles of household use, which are now being delivered on Wednesday afternoons of each week, at Mr. Stephen Wm. Smith's furnishing establishment, 534 Broadway. These lectures have excited a great deal of attention; and so much interest is manifested by a large number of ladies and gentlemen who have been fortunate enough to hear them, that we have thought it worth while to transfer to our columns some of the facts which have been elicited, and have also procured drawings of various articles used to illustrate the lecturer's meaning. These are at once so simple and perfectly adapted to the purpose for which they are intended, that we are sure our lady readers will thank us for calling their attention to them.

The first lecture was principally devoted to steam and its various offices in the kitchen, the Professor showing by some very interesting experiments with chemical apparatus, the different qualities of steam in cooking at higher or lower degrees of heat than 212°, which is the ordinary boiling point. He then introduced figure 1, called the

FRENCH BALANCE CAFETIERE.

This is a very beautiful and ingenious contrivance for making coffee on the table; it is elegant
(360)

enough to make a very handsome addition to table furniture, and entirely obviates all the difficulties of which husbands so often complain. All the pre-



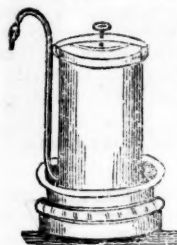
FIG. 1.

parations to be made are, to fill the china boiler with water, put the ground coffee into the glass receiver, and a small quantity of alcohol into the lamp, the top of which is seen in the cut, to be held back by the china boiler; light the lamp, and in fifteen minutes the coffee will be ready. This all the company present had a chance of proving, for the preliminaries being arranged, the coffee (and very delicious coffee it was) was boiled *within* the time specified, and the fragrant, steaming beverage handed to the company. How we thought, as we leaned back and sipped this pure nectar, of the cold, dark, thick mass which had been served to us sometimes under its name, and envied the lot of that man who could sit down to his pleasant breakfast-table every morning, and while he glanced at the paper, see his lovely young wife pour out with her delicate hands such a cup of coffee as this!

A more simple and less expensive arrangement was then exhibited, called the

PRESSURE COFFEE-POT,

and which is seen in figure 2.



Pressure Coffee Pot.

FIG. 2.

This will make from one to six cups of coffee, or boil an egg or water in three minutes, by burning a small quantity of alcohol. This also was tested, and its truth fully proved.

The principle of cooking potatoes and other vegetables by steam, was demonstrated by a perforated steamer set upon a tin saucepan, as shown in figure 3.



FIG. 3.

This principle has long been acknowledged by all good housewives, and ought to be universally acted upon. One reason probably has been, that steamers generally have only been made to fit over large pots, and therefore could not be conveniently used on all occasions, especially by small families.—This difficulty is obviated by Mr. Smith, the saucepans being light and easily handled, and all sizes. There is no article of food cooked in which there is greater waste than in the simple boiling of potatoes. All the fine glutinous matter which forms its nutritive quality is left in the water, and frequently half the body of the vege-

table, particularly those kinds which fall to pieces as soon as sufficiently cooked. Indeed, the superiority of this method is so obvious that it is not worth while to dwell upon it, and we pass to figure 4, which is a

FARINA BOILER.

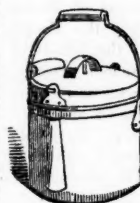


FIG. 4.

This is double, and is intended to prepare custards, farina, corn starch, milk, or any substance which is cooked by heat below that of the boiling point. This the inner vessel can never reach, although it attains precisely the degree which best decomposes and assimilates all farinaceous particles, so that it is admirably adapted for producing the

smoothest and most delicious farina jelly, blane mange, custards, and the like, there being a small tube through the lid which acts as a safety valve, and assists the process of evaporation. There is, then, no excuse for the good housewife who entertains her family or her friends with spoiled custards, badly cooked rice, or burned farina. She must either be considered as culpably careless, or decidedly behind the age.

Ten years ago the porcelain-lined kettles were considered a great invention for boiling substances that required particular care, and many a thrifty housekeeper has congratulated herself on the possession of one, and then grieved herself sick almost to find it burned black in a few days, through the carelessness of servants, and just as liable to spoil her delicacies as an ordinary tin saucepan. But a lady who should buy a porcelain kettle for such purposes now would be acting as wisely as though she hired a lumbering old Knickerbocker stage to take her to Albany when the cars were running. But we introduce more rapidly than the Professor the

FRENCH MILK SAUCEPAN,



FIG. 5.

which is seen in figure 5. This is a specimen of French ingenuity, and is one of a number of curious contrivances for facilitating the various operations in cooking which Mr. Smith picked up while travelling in Europe. Knowing the superiority of the French *cuisine*, and the exquisite taste and delicacy which is observed in every department, down to the smallest minutia, he took particular pains to ascertain the details by which they have arrived at their present perfection, and adapted their ideas wherever it was practicable to the wants of his own countrywomen.

This little saucepan is perfect in its way, prevent-

ing entirely the burning and boiling over of milk, that exceedingly disagreeable, and yet common, accident in families, the valves in the lid effectually preventing either catastrophe. Figure 6, which is a

VEGETABLE BOILER AND A TEA-STEEPER,

are also "derived from the French," and are very



FIG. 6.

good examples of the extreme nicety the French exhibit in the details of their household affairs.— They are made of very fine wire, so crossed and interlaced that not a grain can penetrate it. They open and shut in the middle, which is bound with metal bands, and can be clasped tight. They are admirably adapted to their use, which is to boil peas, beans, or rice, when it is desired to keep it whole for soup. The smaller one will boil or steep tea in such a manner that the strength is all extracted, without leaves or any unpleasant sediment being left at the bottom. It would be impossible for us to introduce all the adjuncts to nice housekeeping with which the action of steam is in some way connected, and which were used as illustrations by Professor Hume; but there are two others so very desirable, and in which we feel a degree of personal interest easily accounted for. The first of these is figure 7, a

WIRE DISH COVER.



FIG. 7.

are made round or oblong, and vary in size from six to eighteen inches. To those who value the delicate lightness which forms the distinguishing feature of really good griddle-cakes of all kinds, the white, "mealy" quality in potatoes, which is entirely lost after being closely covered for a few moments, these will be an invaluable acquisition, and in warm weather are very valuable to cover butter, sweetmeats, milk, etc., to protect from insects. They are like everything else we saw, "got up" in a very neat and even elegant manner. The second utensil we had reference to is found in figure 8, and is called the

SOUP DIGESTER.

This is a valuable improvement on the old method of making soup, which every housekeeper will appreciate. Much of the substance of meat is absolutely wasted by evaporation. Professor Hume thought it was keeping within the limits when he

said that at least half was entirely lost. In addition to this, the strength of beef cannot be extracted by a heat of 212°. The philosophy of this was

beautifully illustrated by Mr. Hume in a variety of experiments, at the conclusion of which he exhibited the *soup digester* as the most perfect application of the principles of science to the business of extracting the strength of meat, which he had ever seen. He

estimated that one half the quantity of good beef would make the usual amount of soup of a greatly superior quality, from the fact that the purest essence of the meat would be preserved. The principle of the new method is, that the lid is closed *steam-tight*, fastened down by an iron clasp, as seen in the cut, thus concentrating and condensing all the heat or motive power, which has to reach a much higher degree than 212° before it will act on the valve which passes up through the centre of the lid, and when forced up, rises up and down like the piston of a steam engine.

What would we think of a steamship that was built with the top of the boiler loose, so that the greater part of the steam was constantly escaping? How could it be expected that a voyage to England could be performed, when the motive power was nearly all dissipated? And yet the man who would do such a thing would be acting on precisely the same principle as the woman who makes soup in an ordinary pot, and lets it half evaporate up the chimney. We will here give a sketch of a nice little apparatus, called the

JULIENNE MILL, AND THE PUREE FORCER,

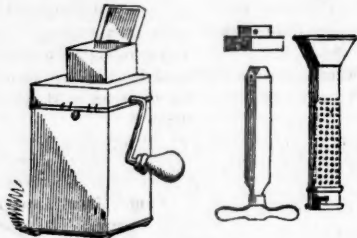


FIG. 9.

which were incidentally introduced, but which seemed to us a very nice contrivance for facilitating and adding to the beauty and completeness of the *cuisine*, in which the French so much delight. In preparing vegetables for soup, nearly all kinds have to be cut in small pieces; and where a great number and variety are required, the task becomes a tedious one, particularly if the cook is in haste. By putting them in this little mill, which a child

can easily turn for pastime, a large quantity can be cut into beautiful forms in a very few moments, and make handsome ornaments for meat, after having assisted to flavor the soup.

The second lecture was on the subject of "Refrigerants," and the beneficial uses of ice and cooling drinks in warm weather; also, the best methods of preserving food in ice, and the various means by which substances can be preserved by exhausting atmospheric air. These subjects were illustrated by numerous experiments, in the course of which the lecturer said that ice and the effects of cold appliances were not half appreciated by people generally. He stated that a small quantity of ice, broken up and eaten in warm weather, would act with a stimulating effect equal to that produced by a glass of wine, especially on a person not accustomed to stimulating liquor. He greatly objected to the use of hot and cold drinks at the same time, said that was the cause of the early decay of teeth common to the American people. His remarks under this head were exceedingly interesting; but as our object is to give as much information as possible to housekeepers, we submit the following figure (10) as a specimen of refrigerator which Mr. Hume pronounced exactly adapted to its purpose.



FIG. 10.

mixture of flavors which arise from putting a variety of food in a common refrigerator, besides other annoyances which experienced housekeepers understand. It is also more economical, while its principle of refrigeration is perfect, the current of cold air penetrating to every part through the perforated shelves, and meeting no opposing current of warm air, because by an ingenious little contrivance the water passes off, so that there is no aperture through which warm air could ascend.

Numerous articles designed by Mr. Smith for family use, all having a bearing on this subject, were introduced as illustrations, from which we select the

PATENT DOUBLE ICE-PITCHER,

as particularly interesting for the approaching season. The principle is not new, most of our readers having seen it in operation in the large coolers which are used by hotel keepers in saloons, restaurants, etc.

But the ice-pitcher is adapted to the wants of

families, many of whom would consider it an inestimable acquisition to be possessed of a water-pitcher which will keep ice six hours; is a handsome addition to the table or sideboard, and which there is at the same time no possibility of breaking. Very recently Mr. Smith has constructed another, to supply a demand for a less expensive article, and also intended for nursery use. This will keep ice all night, and has also a porcelain cup fitted into the top, which will preserve milk for the "baby," or for "papa," if he wants to start off on a journey early, and have his coffee prepared before the milkman comes round.

Figure 12 is another.



FIG. 11.

WATER-COOLER,

which will preserve ice-water twenty-four hours, and is suitable for hotels or private families. These are, indeed, in very general use now, and it would hardly be worth while to introduce it here, except from its connection with the subject, and the fact that having devoted so much attention and scientific research to the principle. Every article of this description is prepared by Mr. Smith in the best possible manner.

Figure 13 is a



FIG. 12

WATER-FILTER,

intended for family use, and which will filter from five to fifteen gallons per day. Of the advantage of these it is not necessary to speak. The bad consequences of drinking impure water, to which so many are subject, are too well and universally known; but it is not so generally known that all water is polluted, full of animalculi, which, if we could see when we eagerly grasp the apparently clear and crystalline liquid, we should start back in horror.

The principle of preservation, by the expulsion of atmospheric air, was finally illustrated by Figure 14, which is,

ARTHUR'S PATENT SELF-SEALING PRESERVE CANS AND JARS.

These were shown in glass, white queensware, earthenware and tin. The lecturer, however, said he should prefer, for his own use, the glass or earthenware. The waste and loss of fruit by evaporation and otherwise, experienced in the ordinary



FIG. 13.

method of making sweetmeats or preserves, is a fact well known to all cooks and housekeepers, besides the deleterious nature of such a concentrated compound, which only a few appreciate. By the new



FIG. 14.

much superior as is possible to imagine.

The Modus Operandi.—Heat the fruit in a preserving kettle until it attains the boiling point; then fill up the can or jar, and seal while hot. The sealing is effected by pressing the lid down into a groove around the outside of the jar, which is filled with cement, and ready for sealing when sold.

The simple agent in the work of preserving fruit in a fresh condition is *heat*. If, after the application of heat for a certain time, the article be, *while still hot*, sealed up hermetically, it will remain unchanged for an almost indefinite period. This is the whole secret. Sugar may be used or not; but we would recommend its use to the extent of rendering the fruit sweet enough for the table. As full directions for using these cans and jars, and also for putting up all kinds of fruit accompany them, we need not particularise farther. The whole operation is very simple, and far easier than common preserving.

Some glass jars or cans of splendid fruit, swimming in juice, were exhibited by Mr. Smith, which had been put down in 1855, and were, in March, 1857, in perfect condition. One of the points of superiority over other self-sealing cans, is the fact that they can be opened with perfect ease, and without the slightest injury to their usefulness. The last article exhibited at this exposition was,

MASSER'S PATENT ICE-CREAM FREEZER.



FIG. 15.

The plate, figure 15, shows the three different points: No. 1, the tub; No. 2, the can; No. 3, the beater; which also has a wooden scraper attached to the other side, in order to scrape off the cream as soon as it freezes to the sides of the can, without scratching the metal. In this way the freezing is

very rapid and smooth, the beater immediately taking up what the scraper throws off, and whipping it up with inconceivable rapidity, thus amalgamating it thoroughly with the mass, and at the same time making it light and smooth as the finest custard. The operation was both easy and simple, merely turning a small crank which is seen at the top of the beater; a window inserted in the lid enabled us to watch the whole operation. The result was entirely satisfactory. In three and a half minutes the cream was pronounced *frozen*, and the company present partook of it with great pleasure, every one pronouncing it "delicious." The expense for making three quarts and a pint, Mr. Smith stated to be forty-four cents., or about thirteen cents a quart, thus bringing the great luxury within the means of all. The different sizes will make from three to fourteen quarts; the price is from \$3 to \$8 each. We notice a printed receipt for making the cream accompanies the freezers.

RECIPE FOR MAKING ICE-CREAM.

Two quarts good, *rich* milk; four fresh eggs; three quarters pound of white sugar; six teaspoons of Bermuda arrow root. Rub the arrow root smooth in a little cold milk; beat the eggs and sugar together; bring the milk to the boiling point; then stir in the arrow root; remove it then from the fire, and immediately add the eggs and sugar, stirring briskly, to keep the eggs from cooking, then set aside to cool. If flavored with extracts, let it be done *just before* putting it in the freezer. If the vanilla bean is used, it must be boiled in the milk.

This receipt is worth preserving.

We sincerely hope this subject will win from American women the attention it deserves. Here is a province which is natural to them, and in which no one disputes their right to reign, but which is utterly neglected, while one half are doing worse than nothing, and the other are making desperate efforts to obtain new territory. It is a disgrace to the sex that all the celebrated cooks have been men; and the highest authority at the present moment is a man, and a Frenchman at that.

TO KEEP SHAD FRESH WITHOUT CORNING.—If you wish to keep a shad over Sunday or longer—on bringing home immediately scald, clean, wash and split, washing dry. Cut off head and tail, spread the shad open on a dish, mix a large spoonful of brown sugar, teaspoonful of Cayenne pepper and a teaspoonful of salt; rub the mixture thoroughly over the inside of the fish, cover closely and set in a cold place until wanted for cooking—just before putting it on the gridiron, take a towel and wipe off the whole of the seasoning—then put it on a previously heated gridiron, over hot coals, and broil well, butter it and send to table, hot—where it can be re-seasoned to the taste of each person.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

THE TREE THAT NEVER FADES.

"MARY," said George, "next summer I will not have a garden. Our pretty tree is dying, and I won't love another tree as long as I live. I will have a bird next summer, and that will stay all winter."

"George, don't you remember my beautiful canary bird, and it died in the middle of the summer, and we planted bright flowers in the ground where we buried it? My bird did not live so long as the tree."

"Well, I don't see as we can love anything. Little brother died before the bird, and I loved him better than any bird, or tree, or flower. Oh, I wish we could have something to love that wouldn't die."

"George, let's go into the house. I don't want to look at our tree any longer."

The day passed. During the school hours, George and Mary had almost forgotten that their tree was dying; but at evening, as they drew their chairs to the table where their mother was sitting, and began to arrange the seeds they had been from day to day gathering, the remembrance of their tree came upon them.

"Mother," said Mary, "you may give these seeds to cousin John; I never want another garden."

"Yes," added George, pushing the papers in which he had carefully folded them towards his mother, "you may give them all away. If I could find some seeds of a tree that would never fade, I should love to have a garden. I wonder if there ever was such a garden, mother?"

"Yes, George, I have read of a garden where the trees never die."

"A real garden, mother?"

"Yes, my son. In the middle of the garden, I have been told, there runs a pure river of water, clear as crystal, and on each side of the river is the *tree of life*—a tree that never fades. That garden is *Heaven*. There you may love, and love forever.—There will be no death—no fading there. Let your treasure be the tree of life, and you will have something to which your young hearts can cling, without fear, without disappointment. Be loving, truthful obedient, and the Lord will prepare you to dwell in those green pastures, and beside those still waters."

THE BOY AT THE DYKE.

A LITTLE boy in Holland was returning one night from a village, to which he had been sent by his father on an errand, when he noticed the water trickling through a narrow opening in the dyke. He stopped, and thought what the consequence would be if the hole was not closed. He knew, for he had

often heard his father tell the sad disasters which had happened from small beginnings, how, in a few hours, the opening would become bigger, and let in the mighty mass of water pressing on the dyke, until the whole defence being washed away, the rolling, dashing, angry waters would sweep on to the next village, destroying life, and property, and everything in their way. Should he run home and alarm the villagers, it would be dark before they could arrive; and the hole even then might be so large as to defy all attempts to close it. Prompted by these thoughts, he seated himself on the bank of the canal, stopped the opening with his hand, and patiently awaited the approach of a villager. But no one came. Hour after hour rolled slowly by, yet there sat the heroic boy, in cold and darkness, shivering, wet, and tired, but stoutly pressing his hand against the dangerous breach. All night he stayed at his post. At last morning broke. A clergyman walking up the canal, heard a groan, and looked around to see where it came from. "Why are you there, my child?" he asked, seeing the boy, and surprised at his strange position. "I am keeping back the water, sir, and saving the village from being drowned," answered the child, with lips so numb with cold that he could scarcely speak. The astonished minister relieved the boy. The dyke was closed, and the danger which threatened hundreds of lives was prevented.

Heroic boy! What a noble spirit of self-devotedness he has shown! A heroic boy indeed he was; and what was it that sustained him through that lonesome night? Why, when his teeth chattered, his limbs trembled, and his heart was wrung with anxiety, did he not fly to his safe and warm home? What thought bound him to his seat? Was it not the *responsibility of his position*? Did he not determine to brave all the fatigue, the danger, the cold, the darkness, in thinking what the consequence would be, if he should forsake it? His mind pictured the quiet homes and beautiful farms of the people inundated by the flood of water, and he determined to stay at his post or die.

Now, there is a sense in which every boy and girl occupies a position of far more weighty responsibility than that of the little Hollander, on that dark and lonesome night; for, by the good or bad influence which you do and shall exert, you may be the means of turning a tide of wretchedness and ruin or a pure stream of goodness in the world. God has given you somewhere a post of duty to occupy, and you cannot get above or below your obligations to be faithful to it. You are responsible for leaving your work undone, as well as having it badly done. You cannot excuse yourself by saying, "I am nobody—I don't exert any influence;" for there is nobody so mean or obscure that he has not some influ-

ence; and you have it, whether you will or not, and you are responsible for the consequences of that influence, whatever it is.

CHEMICAL EXPERIMENTS FOR THE YOUNG.

Decomposition of Water.—Take a grain of potassium, wrap it up in a small piece of thin paper, and introduce it into a test tube, or small phial, inverted under water, and full of the same fluid. It immediately rises to the top, and, combining with the oxygen of the water, an equivalent of hydrogen gas is given off, which expels the water from the tube or phial, and occupies its place. A lighted match brought to the mouth of the tube will prove the presence of the hydrogen.

Powder which inflames by the contact of an Acid.—Take five grains of chlorate of potass in powder, and mix it in a mortar with seven grains of lump sugar; let a drop of sulphuric acid fall upon this mixture, or merely touch it with the end of a glass rod dipped in the acid; it will inflame and burn rapidly, owing to the carbon and hydrogen of the sugar being subjected to an atmosphere of euchlorine, disengaged from the chlorate by the action of the sulphuric acid.

Production under Water of vivid green streams of Fire.—Put two ounces of water into an ale glass or tumbler, and first add to it two or three pieces of phosphorus, the size of peas, and then forty grains of chlorate of potass; then pour upon the mass, by means of a long-necked funnel, reaching to the bottom of the glass, three teaspoonfuls of sulphuric acid. As soon as the acid comes into contact with the phosphorus and chlorate of potass, flashes of fire begin to dart from under the surface of the fluid; when this occurs, immediately throw into the mixture a few small lumps of phosphuret of lime; the bottom of the vessel will become illuminated, and an emerald green colored stream of fire pass through the fluid. The chlorate of potass yields oxide of chlorine by the effusion of sulphuric acid, whilst the phosphuret of lime produces phosphuretted hydrogen gas, which, inflaming in the nascent euchlorine, gives the colored flame.

THE VIZIER'S STRATEGY.

THE sultan of Wadai Gaudeh, pretending to fly, had marched round in the rear of the Forian army, and interposed between them and their country. They believed, however, that he was utterly routed, and loudly expressed their joy. One vizier remained silent, and on being asked by his master why he did not share in the general joy, replied that he did not believe in this easy victory, and offered to prove that the enemy's army was even then marching towards them.

"How wilt thou do this?" said the sultan.

"Bring me a she camel," replied the vizier, "with a man who knows how to milk!"

The camel was brought and well washed, and the milk was drawn into a clean bowl, and placed, with a man to guard it, on the top of the sultan's tent. Next morning the vizier caused the bowl to be brought to him, and found the milk quite black. So he went to the sultan, and said:

"Master, they are coming down upon us, and have marched all night!"

"How dost thou know that?"

"Look at this blackened milk!"

"In what way has it become black?"

"The dust raised by the feet of the horses has been carried by the wind!"

Some laughed at this explanation, but others believed, and looked out anxiously towards the west. In a short time, the manes of the hostile cavalry were seen shaking in the eastern horizon. Then followed the battle in which the Forian Sultan was slain.—*Travels of an Arab Merchant in Soudan.*

AN affectionate father, on returning from a distance, placed upon the neck of his darling, but sightless child, a jeweled necklace. While in the act of fastening the clasp, he dropped a scalding tear upon her arm; it warmed her heart; she immediately kissed it off, and thanking her father for his costly present, remarked, that she possessed one gem, infinitely more precious. On being asked "what is it? and to what place consigned?" she feelingly replied, "I wear it on my heart. It is my father's tear."

"EARLY RISING," said the great Lord Chatham to his son, "I would have inscribed on the curtains of your bed, and the walls of your chamber. If you do not rise early, you can make progress in nothing. If you do not set apart your hours of reading, if you suffer yourself or any one else to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands unprofitable and frivolous, and unenjoyed by yourself."

WASHINGTON, visiting a lady in his neighborhood, on leaving the house, a little girl was directed to open the door. He turned to the child and said, "I am sorry, my little dear, to give you so much trouble." "I wish sir," she replied, "it was to let you in."

"Is this good money?" said a man to a suspicious-looking wight who had made some purchase of him. "It ought to be good, for I made it myself," was the answer. With that he took the man up for coining; but the man, in his defence, proved that he made the money by boot-making.

BE KIND.—Hard words are like hailstones in summer, beating down and destroying what they would nourish were they melted into drops.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE YOUNG GOVERNESS.

CHAPTER VII.

"FLORENCE!" Miss Harper stopped suddenly, and looked up in a bewildered manner.

"Florence!" repeated the voice of Uncle John.

"Mr. Fleetwood!" She could only utter the kind old man's name in a low, choking voice.

"Where are you going, Florence?" he asked.

"Home," was the answer.

"Has any thing happened at home? Is your aunt sick?"

"No, sir."

"Are you sick, Florence?"

"Yes, sir. Sick at heart!" was the reply of Florence, made with quivering lips.

Uncle John turned, and walked beside Miss Harper, in the direction he had found her going.

"There is something wrong, Florence," said he. "Why have you left the house of my niece so suddenly?"

"Mrs. Dainty has dispensed with my services."

"What?"

"Mrs. Dainty does not wish me any longer to hold the place of governess to her children," said Florence.

Uncle John made no remark on this for several minutes. He then said:

"How did this happen? Tell me every thing freely."

Florence related what had passed between her and Mrs. Dainty at the hurried interview preceding her departure from the house.

"You must go back again," said Uncle John, after Florence had finished her brief narrative.

"Impossible!" was her firm answer.

"Say not so, Florence."

"Impossible, Mr. Fleetwood! Impossible! I am not strong enough to bear all this insult and indignity. I can suffer pain, or even death; but my spirit will not brook humiliation like this! Only for the children's sake have I remained up to this day."

"And only for their sakes would I still have you remain," said Uncle John.

"But the door is shut against me; and I will never knock to have it opened," said the young girl with an indignant spirit,—"never! never!" She repeated the words very firmly.

"The door must be opened for you, and without the preliminary of a knock. Leave all that to me," said Uncle John.

By this time they had reached a small house, in a part of the city where persons in moderate circumstances reside, and both paused at the door.

"Will you come in, Mr. Fleetwood?" said Miss

Harper, speaking in a tone of unusual familiarity. "Aunt Mary will, I know, be glad to see you."

"Yes, I must go in, and have a little more talk with you, and a little conference with good Aunt Mary."

In the next moment they passed together into the house; the manner of Uncle John being that of a man who was entering a familiar place. In the small, neatly-furnished sitting-room, to which both proceeded, they found a plainly-dressed lady, somewhat advanced in years. She was reading in a volume that seemed to have been taken up casually, as her knitting work was in her lap.

"How are you, Mrs. Elder?" said Uncle John, in the familiar voice of a friend, and he took the old lady's hand, and shook it cordially.

"Right well, and right glad to see you, Mr. Fleetwood," was the frank, cheerful response, as she returned the hearty pressure of Uncle John's hand. "But to what cause am I indebted for this visit?" she added, a slight shadow coming into her face, as she looked more narrowly at Florence.

"A providential one, doubtless," said Mr. Fleetwood, smiling. "I met your niece just now, fleeing from the post of duty; and have accompanied her hither, that I might hear the report she has to make of herself."

"A good report, I doubt not," replied the old lady, throwing a kind, but serious glance, upon the countenance of her niece.

"When the door is shut in our face, we can hardly be blamed for leaving the threshold," said Florence, with some bitterness in her tones.

"Is it so bad as that, my child?" Mrs. Elder spoke with much tenderness, which did not wholly conceal a natural flush of indignation.

"Just so bad," Florence spoke slowly, and with an emphasis on every word. "Just so bad," she repeated. "And yet, Mr. Fleetwood wishes me to return for the children's sake."

"And is not that a powerful motive?" said the old gentleman, speaking before Mrs. Elder had time to reply. "For the children's sake! For the sake of those little ones whom the Lord, when upon the earth, took up in his arms, and blessed with a divine blessing! Who are so precious in the eyes of heaven, that their angels do always behold the face of Our Father. I urged, you see, Mrs. Elder, no light motive."

The eyes and countenance of Florence both drooped to the floor, and she remained sitting almost motionless.

"I must know all the facts in the case, Mr. Fleetwood, before I can say a word touching the duty of my niece. What she sees to be right, she has the

courage to do, and if my eyes can aid her in seeing right, I will gladly lend her their more experienced vision. Let me have the whole story of this new trouble with Mrs. Dainty."

In as few words as possible, Florence rehearsed what had passed between her and Mrs. Dainty; giving to her auditors that lady's emphatic and insulting terms of dismissal.

Mrs. Elder remained gravely silent for some minutes after Florence had ceased speaking; while Mr. Fleetwood waited patiently to get the conclusions of her thoughts.

"I don't see that it is possible for Florence to go back again," said the old lady, speaking as if that view of the case were clearly settled in her mind.

"Extreme cases require extreme measures," said Mr. Fleetwood. "I treat my niece, for most of the time, as if she were partially demented. And so she is; for vanity and love of the world have, in a measure, dethroned her reason. She was my favorite when a little girl; and I remained strongly attached to her as she grew up towards womanhood—though I could not be over patient with the fashionable follies to which she showed far too early an inclination. For some years I have been altogether out of heart with her, and see no hope of her reformation, except through virtue of some great calamity. But she has children, to whom all my love is transferred—children who may be trained to good, or warped to evil. I had almost come to despair of them, when a bright day renewed old acquaintanceship, and I discovered in your excellent niece all the qualities needed to save these children. How wisely, lovingly and unselfishly, she has performed her task so far, I need not repeat to you, Mrs. Elder, for I have told you every word before. And now, do you think I can give her up? No—no. She must return. But, I will make the way as easy for her as possible. All the rough places I cannot hope to make even; but she has courage to walk if she knows the voice of duty, even where sharp stones are certain to cut her tender feet. Already, she has won her way into the hearts of the children, and has, at this moment, more power over them for good, than any living soul. This power must not be lost."

"Every child that is born," said Aunt Mary, in a thoughtful tone, "is precious in the eyes of God, and his love towards that child is manifested in the best possible arrangement of things external to its life, in order that these may awaken in its heart emotions of kindness, mercy, and pity, towards others. Such emotions, whenever excited, fit themselves as permanent things in the young immortal, and remain there like good seed that may be warmed into life, and produce good fruit when time has brought the age of rational freedom. It is by such remains of good and true things in all their varieties, which are stored up in the minds of children from the earliest days of infancy, up to manhood, that our divine Father is able to save us from the

evil inclinations we inherit, when we step forth, as men and women, self-reliant and rationally responsible. To help in the work of storing up in the minds of young children such 'remains,' as I have called them, is indeed a heavenly work, and all who engage in it, are co-workers with angels.

"And to neglect such work," said Mr. Fleetwood, "when it lies in our way, and will be performed by no other hands if we refuse to do it, involves no light responsibility. The perversion, corruption, and final ruin of an immortal soul, is a fearful thought."

A deep sigh fluttered the bosom of Florence Harper; but she made no remark.

"If a mother neglect her high duties in this regard," said Mrs. Elder; "can we say that another becomes responsible in her stead?"

Florence raised her head, and listened with marked interest for Mr. Fleetwood's answer to this question. He reflected a moment, and then made reply:

"For the work God sets before us, are we alone responsible. His love for his children is so great, that he is ever providing the means to help them to a knowledge of the good that is needful to secure their happiness. If those appointed by nature to do good to his little ones, neglect their high trust, He leads others to a knowledge of their wants, and if these pass by unmoved to kindness, he still offers the heavenly work to other hands."

The head of Florence again drooped, and again her bosom trembled with a sigh.

"I do not ask Florence to return to our house to-day," said Mr. Fleetwood. "She must have a little time for rest and reflection, and I must have a little time for observation and management at home. The meaning of this hasty step on the part of my niece, I do not comprehend. Something lies behind it, that I must clearly make out before acting."

"I will see you in the morning, Florence," added the old gentleman, on rising to go. Then taking her hand, he said very earnestly, and with slight emotion:

"Ever regard me as your friend—nay, more than a friend; as a father. Do not fear that I will advise you to any cause of action in this matter, that I would not advise you to take were you, indeed, my own child—as—as—you might have been!"

The voice of the old man grew strangely veiled with feeling, as he uttered in something of an absent way, the closing words of the last sentence.

"Yes—yes—as you might have been, Florence!" repeated Mr. Fleetwood with sudden energy, catching at the hand of the young girl, and pressing it to his lips.

"Tell her all—yes, tell her all," he added, turning to Mrs. Elder, in a hurried, excited manner. "Her presence moves me strangely, and memories of the past are too strong for an old man's feelings."

Mr. Fleetwood left, abruptly, the apartment, passing into the street, and so leaving the aunt and niece alone.

"Tell me all of what, Aunt Mary?" said Florence, coming to the side of Mrs. Elder. Her face had become very pale.

"A simple story of thwarted love, and undying affection," replied Aunt Mary, calmly. "Mr. Fleetwood loved your mother, and that love was only in a measure returned. Your father won her heart more truly, and she decided in his favor. They were married, and you are their only child. If your mother had married Mr. Fleetwood, the current of her life might have run smoother; but, whether she would have been happier, is not for me to say. Mr. Fleetwood never would marry again; and it seems that his love for your mother has been an undying passion. I will say no more than this. But, he is a man of great moral worth, noble sentiments, and a true heart. His interest in you is not a passing whim or preference; but has in it such deep regard as a wise and good father knows only for his child. And so, you may be very sure that he will advise you to no cause of action in regard to his niece and her children that he would not advise for his own daughter. It was his love for these children that led him to desire you for their governess—you, whom he rightly knew only through my representation of your character. I think you will see it best to return to your post."

"I can only go back through Mrs. Dainty's invitation; and I was going to say, after her apology."

"Withhold, for the present, that last condition," said Aunt Mary. "I doubt not, when the time comes, the way in which your feet should walk will be made very plain." T. S. A.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LET THEM TELL IT.

The celebrated Dr. Johnson used to say it was an excellent thing to encourage children to repeat to some brother, or sister, or playmate, whatever of importance they had seen or heard told. He said the very attempt to tell it to others, would fix it most indelibly on their own mind, and related that his mother, after having described to him the future joys of the blessed, directed him to go to the gardener and tell it over to him.

Parents will find this a most interesting and profitable effort. Let them be encouraged to tell to others the sermon to which they have listened, the exercises of the Sabbath School, or whatever they have seen or heard, that is worthy to be impressed on their own minds, and the effect will be good in various ways. It will fix the thing more firmly in their own mind—it will cultivate a habit of observation and attention to all that is transpiring about them; it will give them an intelligent interest in each other's society, always to listen to, or relate, what may be interesting; beside it will help to bind parents and children in a more intimate bond of

social affection, by mutually repeating to each other what each may suppose would be of interest to the other.

Children should be encouraged to tell freely their own thoughts and feelings to parents, with the assurance of sympathy on the part of the parent. Let the child know that you feel a tender interest in him, and that you will not meet even his faults with harsh rebukes, but will, with gentle solicitude, seek to mould and guide his heart to virtue and goodness.

Let him tell it.

—[Mother's Journal.]

TODDLING MAY.

Five pearly teeth and a soft blue eye,
A sinless eye of blue
That is dim or is bright, it scarce knows why,
That, baby dear, is you;
And parted hair of a pale, pale gold,
That is priceless every curl,
And a boldness shy and a fear half bold,
Ay, that's my baby girl.

A small, small frock, as the snowdrop white,
That is worn with a tiny pride,
With a sash of blue, by a little sight
With a baby wonder eyed,
And a pattering pair of restless shoes
Whose feet have a tiny fall,
That not for the world's coined wealth we'd lose,
That, Baby May, we call.

A rocker of dolls with staring eyes,
That a thought of sleep disdain,
That with shouts of tiny lullabies
Are by'd and by'd in vain;
A drawer of carts with baby noise,
With strainings and pursed-up brow,
Whose hopes are cakes, and whose dreams are toys,
Ay, that's my baby now.

A sinking of heart, a shuddering dread,
Too deep for a word or tear—
Or a joy whose measure may not be said,
As the future is hope or fear;
A sunless venture, whose voyage's fate.
We would and yet would not know,
Is she whom we dower with love as great
As is perilled by hearts below.

Oh, what as her tiny laugh is dear,
Or our days with gladness girds!
Or what is the sound we love to hear
Like the joy of her baby words!
Oh, pleasure our pain and joys our fears—
Should be, could the future say,
Away with sorrow—time has no tears
For the eyes of Baby May.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

[We take a suggestive chapter from Miss Beecher's "Letters to the People on Health and Happiness," and commend it to the reader's attention:]

FOOD AND DRINK

Next in importance to air and exercise comes the selection of diet and drink. And in this matter the practical adoption of one common-sense maxim would do almost all that needs to be done. The maxim is this: *In cases where one of two courses involves danger and risk, and another is perfectly safe, always choose the path of safety.*

We have seen that the great mass of this nation is fast hastening to disease and deterioration, and that individual misery and domestic unhappiness are widely increasing as the result. We have seen that owing to needless varieties, to stimulating food and drinks, and to the use of condiments, *excess* in loading the digestive organs is one great cause of this extensive suffering.

Now there is a rich variety and abundance of simple, healthful food and drinks that are fitted for the perfect development and nutrition of the body, and involve little liability to perversion and excess.—And when all stimulating food, drinks, and condiments are relinquished and a simple diet maintained, a *healthful appetite* returns, which is a safe guide to the proper amount to be taken, provided always that enough pure air and exercise are secured.

Moreover, I have found by my own experience, and have learned from others, that after living for several months on simple food, there is an increased susceptibility of taste and a keener relish for the delicate flavors that simple food offers. Does any one remember the delicious relish of childhood for a bit of good bread? This same relish will again return when solicited aright. Let a person for several weeks try the experiment of drinking only water, eating nothing but bread and butter, potatoes, baked fruit, and milk, and at the same time exercise abundantly in the fresh air, and if their experience corresponds with that of most I have known who have tried the experiment, they will say, "Never did food of the richest variety and composition furnish such an exquisite relish!"

The more a person will limit a meal to a *few articles*, and these of the *simplest kind*, the more will they regain the appetite and relish of early life.

Now the course here suggested is perfectly safe, is equally productive of enjoyment, and is in obedience to the laws of health, which are the laws of God. The common course pursued in this land of abundance and gormandizing is certainly one of risk and danger to the delicate and deteriorated constitutions of the adult and rising generations. Is not here the place to practice the Christian "daily" duty of "self-denial?" And if the strong and

healthy feel no need of it for themselves, is there not a duty set forth for them in this inspired command, "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves?"

In reference to stimulating drinks, how often have I seen the need of this divine injunction. The parents of a family drink strong tea and coffee. They teach their children, perhaps, that it is a dangerous and unhealthy practice, and train them to entire abstinence. But after a few years these children draw to manhood and womanhood, and begin to claim the privileges of acting by their own judgments. Then, after a period of deprecation and remonstrance, the luxury is conceded. Some one of the flock is weak, the strong can bear it but the weak one falters. No eye but that of the Heavenly Parent marks how this one single cause is daily draining the already stunted nervous fountain. And when the flower is cut down, the weeping parents mourn over the sacrifice offered by themselves to their own self-indulgence—to their neglect of that beneficent law, "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves."

Oh, tender parents, who provide these dangerous beverages, look around your beloved circle and see which one you can select as the hapless victim!

And so in reference to that disgusting and baleful use of tobacco, which all over the nation is draining the nervous fountain of thousands of pale and delicate young men. The clergyman, the church elder, the father of the family, indulge in a useless and dangerous practice, merely to gratify a morbid appetite. While they teach others to "deny fleshly lusts," and upbraid the young if they fall, in their own cherished fleshly appetite they see no sin, because they say it does not hurt *themselves*.

But every young victim to this appetite who has been led on by their example, or has not been withheld when their arguments and example might have saved them, is set down to their account by Him who seeth not as man seeth. He whose example of self-denying benevolence they profess to follow, whose last teachings on earth were, "If ye love me feed my sheep; feed my lambs"—He has left to them, above all others, the sacred monition, "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves."

In regard to the use of tobacco, it seems to me the American people, for want of a little consideration, are invading their high character for respectful kindness and deference to woman. In this matter, there are few that have so much occasion as myself to render a grateful acknowledgment of this most chivalrous virtue in my countrymen; for during the last period of my life I have crossed from West to East, or from East to West, not less than thirty times, and have travelled in all the Free

States and five of the Southern; and in all this varied experience, when, in a large portion of the cases also, I was without a protector, I have never once known of a coarse or disrespectful word or act toward myself, or witnessed one toward any other woman. At the same time, all that father or brother could render has been accorded by strangers.

But in my recent travels, especially at the West, I have constantly been made to feel what a *selfish* as well as disgusting and ungallant habit is induced by the use of tobacco! The majority of ladies are offended by the effluvia of that weed, and disgusted by its marks on the mouth and face, while the puddles of tobacco juice that infest our public convey-

ances, the breath of smokers, and the wads and spitting of chewers, not only defile the dress but keep a sensitive stomach in constant excitement and agitation. There have been times in my experience when it seemed to me I must give up a journey from this cause alone. Certainly, if those who practice this vice will insist on perfuming public conveyances with dead tobacco smoke from their dress and lungs, and rendering all their premises filthy and disgusting with their expectorations, the managers of these conveyances should provide rooms and cars for ladies and all other persons who are annoyed by this vice, from which all who either smoke or chew shall be excluded.

THE TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE, 1857.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT, OF NEW YORK.

See Colored Plate.

LADY ON THE LEFT.—Robe of taretlan, with three flounces a *disposition*. Lilac is the favorite color, but the transversal stripes and wreaths of flowers are in several colors, the flowers especially imitating nature. The corsage is cut high and in point with a waist-ribbon, and double-bow, with flowing ends, and the front of the corsage is closed with hanging buttons.

The *Mantelet* is of black silk, trimmed with puffs of wide lilac ribbon, or formed into ruches, with fringe edges braided with gimp. Tassels adorn the points of the mantelet, over which falls a delectably worked lace collar. This is the mantelet of the season. There are many others, but none so gracefully appropriate. The falls on the shoulders, like a collar and cape, or bertha, give it the peculiar grace which a partial disclosure of the feminine form always yields, influencing, by the union of modesty and coquetry, a mesmeric electricity that never fails of finding its way to masculine nerves, and doing sad havoc. The bonnet of white silk is shirred over the *passer*, and a ruche of ribbon surmounts the crown, while the double-curtain is very long. The front is elastic, and a pink ribbon, with knots and bows, passes from the edge of the border, over the front of the hair, and is attached to it by a diamond or jet brooch, which serves to help hold the bonnet on. The cap or *dessus* of blonde is enlivened with flowers, and, not infrequently, a wreath of flowers covers the crown from large bouquets of leaves and trailing foliage; and over the whole, from the edge of the border, falls a white lace veil, dropping just below the curtain.

LADY AT THE RIGHT.—This is a charming dress for a demoiselle, or, in fact, any lady under forty

years. The *chapeau mousquetaire* is of straw, and the brim is three and a half inches wide in front, and five inches wide behind the neck, thus supplying the place of a *havolet* in shading the neck and shoulders, while the front brim is not so wide as to form a deep shadow, and thus make the face appear retreating and diminutive. The more round the shape of the face, the wider brim in front it will bear; but an oval face—and that is the line of beauty—should not be shaded by too wide a brim. The brim is edged with a fall of black lace, three inches deep, and the band and strings are of black velvet, with a bouquet of pink ribbon, and floating ends placed over each ear. Sometimes the crown is encircled with a long ostrich feather, which falls over the back of the brim to the shoulders.

The *Morning-Gown* is of emerald *adalousse venetienne*; but it may be made of poplin with appropriate effect. Some *robes de matin*, of unsurpassable beauty, are of *mousselin de laine*, with the charming nuance of the ground enlivened with small flowers, or bouquets in natural colors. This reversed body in the bertha shape, with *demi-pagode* sleeves, and the cord and tassels, are plainly illustrated. The *broche* lace collar, and the chemisette enlivened with knots of pink ribbons, amber kid gloves, and gaiters to match the color of the gown, complete the description.

A VERY pretty evening dress has just been made for a young lady, and consists of white taretane. It has two skirts, each finished at the edge with a plain hem. A small chatelaine of roses descends from the waist over the double skirt on the left side. In front of the corsage there is a bouquet composed of three roses, and a single rose ornaments each of the short sleeves.

Editors' Department.

THE OLD MIRROR.

THERE it hangs, that old mirror, just as it hung long years before I can remember. There is nothing costly or striking about it, with its simple mahogany frame, which has grown almost black with time; and yet it is very full of voices and memories to me.

I suppose there is nothing artistic or beautiful in the painting which occupies nearly as large a space as the glass beneath it, and yet, I have gazed upon landscapes, flushing the walls with their rich tropical sunsets—upon glorious visions of turreted castle and rolling river and cloud-wrapped mountain; and my eyes were not dim with such tears as fill them now, while I look on that picture framed in the top of the old mirror.

There is the yellow, two-story house, set down on that strip of land that reaches out bravely into the sea; there is the little boat, with its white sails spread to the wind, coming close to the shore; and there are the deep blue waters, reaching off to the pink, sunset clouds, that lie low in the distance.

How many hours in the "long ago," when I was too ill to read or play, have I sat in the old arm-chair, where so much of my childhood was passed, and dreamed dreams of that "house by the sea" shore! There is no sign of life about it, except the cloud of birds that are sweeping off to the horizon; and I used to wonder how the people looked who lived there close to the water, and how terrible it must have been in a storm, when the great waves beat and thundered against the shore, and fringed it with long lines of foam, and the wind shrieked and panted through the poplars that stood close to the front door. How I wondered if there were any little children in that house—boys and girls, who "went sailing" in the little boat, on pleasant afternoons, and gathered up pink and yellow shells on the sands, when the tide was out!

I wondered, too, if the father and mother did not lead a life of much foreboding and anxiety lest some of their children should fall into the water, and get drowned, and whether they ever allowed them to walk down that narrow slope of land that seemed to step right into the sea!

How I used to long to see a little curly head suddenly brighten one of those small window panes, or thrust itself through the half-open door; but it was no great matter, after all; my child-imagination peopled that old house with visions fairer than any its artist ever dreamed of.

Then the "old mirror" brings me back memories of other and brighter days; when I used to stand before it, weaving my hair into all sorts of fantastic braids, and dreaming other dreams, in which I—not

the people in the old house—was to be the chief actor. Oh, land of the Future, with thy fair gardens, thy sweet flowers, and thy singing waters—who hath ever found thee!

Sometimes *she* would come and stand by my side, putting her little rosy cheeks against mine, and looking in the glass together—what a contrast there was! "One shall be taken, and the other left." Who looked at us both as we stood there together, then, would have prophesied *she* should be the taken. And yet, six times has the moon risen and set over her new made grave, and the cheeks whose bloom mocked the summer roses, lie cold and white under the shroud-folds, with the springing grass and the singing birds her only companions!

That "old mirror," like most antiquated household furniture, is a history, a biography, a poem in itself; but much of this is too sacred to translate. Sometimes looking up to it, I sigh for the old days, and say, "If I could only go back to *that* time again." And yet, if an angel stood here, while I write, and promised to lead me very tenderly down through the pathway of the years that lie between, I should shiver and shrink back. How few of us would be ready to live over *all* our lives again!

"The winter has passed, and the time of the singing of birds has come." The time of the singing of hearts, too, for what man's, or woman's, or child's is there, so cold, so dark, so dead, that it does not take up a "rejoicing" over the "new birth," this new handwriting of God, "*Peace, and good will to man!*"

The earth is throbbing again with quickened pulses—there is the stirring of a new life through all her mighty arteries, and the breaking out of new prophesies on waving boughs and in sprouting fields.

The winter has been long, and very dreary, and many hearts have fainted beneath it, and the voices of the old and the young have asked often: "When will the sunshine, and the soft airs come again?" And lo! they have come; as sooner or later all God's promises will.

Even the homes that have been made desolate, and the hearts that have been stricken this winter, shall rejoice in the Spring, and she shall wrap her covering of roses over barren graves, as healing balms shall flow over and re-vitalize many hearts.

So we who walk still among the valleys, find everywhere

"God's completeness round our incompleteness;
Round our restlessness, His rest."

V. F. F.

"SHE LEFT US."*—TO VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.
BY MARY C. GRANNISS.

Not as the song-bird leaves its shelter'd nest,
To soar, on buoyant wing, thro' upper air;
Still oft returning to that downy rest,
To find love's fullness and sweet solace there:—

Not as the flowers of summer pass away,
Leaving a dimness on our earth the while,
But ere hope's blossoms from the heart decay,
Appear in beauty, with their olden smile:—

Nor yet as travellers, outward-bound, depart,
When soft farewells 'twixt smiles and tears are
spoken;
Weaving love's circlet, howso'er apart,
Again to come, and find each link unbroken.

With smoothen hair, and white hands meekly folded
Across that pulseless breast, to marble grown;
In snowy robes, the form Death's sculptor moulded,
Went from our presence, silent and alone!

Not thus her *spirit* pass'd—oh! thought how blest!—
But borne by God's good angels from our sight,
Floating above death's darksome vale of rest,
Swept onward, to celestial hills of light.

There, glory-crowned, within Heaven's jasper gates,
There, filled with joy, and deep seraphic love;
With outstretch'd hands, our coming she awaits,
To bid us welcome to that home above!

* Emilie F. Townsend, died April 3rd, 1857.

Maple Cottage, Hartford, Conn.

BAD GRAMMAR.

If there is anything in the world that is painful and disgusting, it is to hear a lady, (!) in honiton and diamonds, transgressing the rules of Murray and Brown, with every third sentence she utters.

There is no excuse either for such women—it is the duty of every lady in this nineteenth century to be able to *spell, spell and write* correctly, and if our social edicts were more stringent on these points, and less so in matters of dress, we should have many more refined, cultivated women, than society is at present blessed with. Not that we want our women metamorphosed into "blues," or that it is necessary they should be versed in the dead languages, and discourse very learnedly on geology, or trigonometry; and a woman looks quite as attractive kneading biscuit at her kitchen table as she does in a chemical laboratory. Tact and good common sense are quite as valuable, in the practical needs of life, as a "finished education," and a true, loving heart, will make a better wife and mother than a highly-stimulated brain.

But an *ignorant, vulgar* woman, is a disgrace to herself, particularly when she affects to be a lady, and pass for what she is not, which is usually attained

most effectually through dress-makers and milliners.

We must be pardoned for offering a word of sincere advice to those pretty, graceful women one meets everywhere, and admires—until they open their mouths to speak. "Devote a little less time to your flounces and French flowers, and do buy a grammar, and study it." V. F. T.

THE FIRST TRIBUTE.—See Illustration.

LADY ALICE is a widow—you divine that at once, by the shadow that lies about the still, beautiful face, and you feel, too, that the cup she has drunken has softened and nourished her nature; and we almost seem to hear the sad, sweet voice, as it gives its lesson of benevolence and self-sacrifice, to the future lord.

"Now, Philip, my child, will you do without the plums this week, and get a new Christmas coat for the poor little boy who lives in the old red house, by the mill?"

And Philip ponders a moment, and twists the dollar meditatively between his thumb and two chubby fingers, and there is a sharp struggle between the organs of benevolence and alimentiveness; but the former triumphs at last, and the gift drops down into its elaborate receptacle of carved rosewood; and his little sister claps her hands for joy, at this decision; and the fair, pale mother smiles, with less demonstrative, but no less heart-felt satisfaction.

And so, in the palace and the cottage must the same great lessons of right and self-abnegation be learned. In the shadow of those lofty pillars, with the sunshine trickling in streams of purple and gold and crimson through the stained windows, the envied heir of broad meadows and waving forests has achieved his first moral triumph. Gentle lady Alice! true Christian mother! thou hast sown the seed—who shall tell what the harvest shall be? V. F. T.

THE SNOW AND THE SPARROW.—BY LUCY LARCOM.

The sparrow's song, on a morn of March,
Dropped out of the branches low,
Where the gray sky poured from her stony arch
Her last cold gift of snow.

The sparrow sang on the cedar bough
To the snow in his half-built nest:
" 'Tis time, high time, for my music now,
Thou late, unwelcome guest."

The flakes fell thick on his shivering mate,
But the sparrow's notes were brave;
They bubbled under the branches' weight,
A rivulet in a cave.

The snow from the singer crept away,
For he sang with right good will.
There are swelling buds on the boughs to-day;
The sparrow sings there still.

HINTS TO BACHELORS

THE venerable Grant Thorburn, now in his green, contented old age, sends us "A Scrap from the Note Book of Laurie Todd," on the subject of matrimony, the blissful estate of which he has tried for three times, and each time it seems to his entire satisfaction. He says:—

"In taking a retrospect, while I sat in my tent door in the cool of the day, I thought, was I to live my life over again, I would manage my treaty of peace with the *lasses* after the same mode and form which I pursued sixty years ago; therefore, my young friends, I will just describe the process, and say unto thee, 'go and do likewise.' When I emerged from the cottage wherein I first drew breath, (in Scotland,) I looked on the daughters of men, and saw that they were fair, and resolved that as soon as I could earn one shilling sterling (22 cts.) per day, I would enter into partnership for life with one of those beautiful articles.

"What God makes beautiful it is for man to admire. Perceiving by statistical tables that the God of Nature sent about the same number of men and women into the world annually, I thought it must be His law that every man should have his mate at once, and leave consequences and provisions for the future to Him who hangs Creation on his arm, and feeds her at his board. It is sixty years since I ratified that treaty of peace, love, and amity; and never for one moment did I repent it; nor did I ever lack a loaf in the pantry, or a dollar in my purse. If God sent another mouth, he always sent food to fill it. With regard to courtship—'tis the easiest thing in the world; love is the language of nature; the veriest fool, if he can't pronounce, can speak it with his eyes, and women are nice interpreters. When first thinking of these important affairs, I resolved never to spend an hour in private conversation with any young woman till I was determined on taking to myself a wife; and in the next place, never to spend an hour with any except she was the one, above all others, whom I wished to make a wife. On this principle I practised, and I prospered.—There is nothing to be gained by dangling after a sensible woman for a twelve month, talking unmeaning stuff, words without knowledge. You mistake the sex, if you expect to gain their favor by this means; while you think they are laughing at your small wit, they are smiling at your great folly. If you wish to gain the esteem of a sensible woman, (and let me tell you they have more wit, in general, than half of the men,) you must speak to her in the words of truth and soberness. After three or four sittings (as the portrait makers say) tell her your intentions at once, like a man, not like a blubbering school-boy; and if there are seven ounces of common sense in your carcass, she will be yours in a month, and if you behave like a man of sense while you walk together by the way, the honeymoon will never wane, but grow brighter and brighter, till you put up at the *last inn* by the wayside—the grave.

"N. B. Mine eyes fail, so I borrowed my wife's young eyes to close the concern. She is my third edition of the Book of Matrimony—with improvements; a buxom Yankee lass, of forty-four summers. We are three years and nine months married; with the honey-moon still in the ascendant. If you like the article, we will send you more on other subjects. G. T."

We shall always be pleased to hear from our aged correspondent, on any subject. In the New York Observer, a month or two ago, the following communication appeared, which we know will be read with interest in connexion with the above article

"Men are fools, Mr. Printer, who are continually grumbling about a miserable world. I have seen as many years as most men see in this world, [this day I enter my eighty-fifth year,] yet I am not tired of the world, 'and if it so will Heaven,' I would live my life over again, with all its joys and sorrows. I think Jacob erred when he told Pharaoh that few and evil had been the days of his pilgrimage.—Many and good have been the days of my pilgrimage. In my 22d year I left my father's house. Prior to this, I had not been twenty miles from the cottage on Heather Hills, in Scotland, where I was born. I landed in New York in 1794, not having a friend in the country to counsel or direct. A kind Providence led me to the shop of an employer, who, with an only workman, remembered the Sabbath day.—Thus was I kept from the path of the destroyer.

"From 1795 till 1822, the yellow fever prevailed seventeen summers. I never left the city. I nursed among the sick. Yet neither myself, my wife, nor any of my ten children ever caught the prevailing disease. It is sixty-three years and six months since I first saw New York. In all that period I have only been ten days confined to the house by sickness. I have shared in the trials of life, and vicissitudes of business, but never grieved for losses in trade. When a draft from the South for \$500 came back protested, I rejoiced because it was not a thousand. If I bruised my arm, I thanked God it was not my neck. In times of trouble, if we look around, we will see millions in a worse condition than ourselves. Therefore we ought to be thankful. I never felt a rheumatic pain. I walk without a staff. I sleep without rocking, and eat my food without the help of brandy or bitters.

"Here, [in New Haven,] the Sabbath is remembered and kept holy. Except when an aged worshipper is carried to church, you never hear the sound of a rolling wheel. It reminds me of the quiet Sabbaths I spent on the Heather Hills of Scotland, eighty years ago. Mine eyes and ears fail, but this defect is greatly mitigated by borrowing the young eyes of my partner for life. She is an excellent reader; is ever at my side, soothing my path to the banks of Jordan,—the noise of whose waters is sounding in mine ears.

Yours, GRANT THORBURN."

New Haven, February 18th, 1857.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE SULTAN AND HIS PEOPLE. By C. Oscanyan. New York: *Derby & Jackson.*

We consider this a very interesting book, although a learned friend of ours says that it is not "deep." It appears to be a faithful representation of Turkish manners and customs, written by one who should be well acquainted with his subject, as he signs himself "a native of Constantinople." We hope, though, that the very sinister-looking individual who glares upon us, in a futile attempt to look amiable, at the beginning of the volume, is not a faithful likeness of Mr. Oscanyan. For if so, as he is rather given to moralizing, we cannot help quoting Florence Dombey, who, when told by the old hag who took her prisoner, that she was "good old Mrs. Brown," very naturally wondered how "*bad* old Mrs. Brown" looked. The book before us very quietly takes to pieces certain theories, induced by other books, which most of us have built up respecting Turkey. To begin with, the Turks, it seems, altogether repudiate that epithet, and "stick up" as pertinaciously for the prettier cognomen of "Osmanlis" as the negro for that of "colored person," or the Yankee for "New Englander." The word "Harem" with them is a sacred word, and signifies "family," being as far as possible removed from the interpretation usually put upon it by foreigners. The "Bath" described by Mr. Oscanyan is a very different affair from the Turkish baths illustrated in Harper, and other places, with various heart-rending engravings, and described by travellers generally as such scenes of torture that we have wondered whatever possessed them to go through with such a trial, and *pay* for it, too! The cause of the hard treatment experienced at these baths is pronounced to be the disposition of travellers generally to insist upon "having their money's worth," and an amusing account is given of a native's adventures, who, to test the truth of these stories, went to the bath disguised as a foreigner. Many errors are corrected, and much information given, and altogether it is one of the most readable books we have seen in some time. It contains numerous illustrations, which add very much to the interest.

A MANUAL OF COMPOSITION AND LETTER WRITING. New York: *Fowler & Wells.*

For a book of its class, this is very well done, and contains some very interesting letters from distinguished characters; William Wirt, Benjamin Franklin, L. E. L., &c. But the *love-letters*! They were intended to be pathetic, but they threw us into perfect convulsions of laughter. These seem to have been prepared with an especial view to the embarrassing fact that "true love is always dumb," but what true woman would not prefer a *dumb* lover to a *parrot*? Just imagine some poor, deluded feminine, fairly conquered, perhaps, by an eloquent epistle, treasuring it up and reading it lovingly, long after the lover has degenerated into the husband, in order to assure herself that he *did* once say all those charming things—imagine, we say, this too confiding wife suddenly shocked, some dreadful day, by read-

ing that cherished letter, word for word, in "A Manual of Composition and Letter Writing"!!! The writer of these epistles has evidently some unique ideas upon the subject of love-making; one gentleman coolly remarks: "We are neither of us perfect," and says: "We will kindly and patiently strive to correct the faults of each other;" another anxiously inquires: "Does your heart palpitate?" Another one begins: "That you have faults I never doubted." We think that very few Desdemonas will be won by stories told as *these* are.

EXAMPLES FROM THE XVIII AND XIX CENTURIES. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. New York: *Charles Scribner.*

A collection of short memoirs of such characters as Wesley, Oberlin, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Ware, Bishop White, and many others, whose active piety has illuminated the period referred to. We have read the book with much pleasure and profit, and have no doubt that many will do the same. In compilations of this sort Mrs. Sigourney particularly excels; seizing with great felicity upon noble and striking examples, and presenting her subject in the most interesting manner. Would that such examples could become models of daily study with us all! then would this working-day world be many degrees nearer Heaven.

TEN THOUSAND A-YEAR. By S. C. Warren, Author of "The Diary of a London Physician." Philadelphia: *T. B. Peterson.*

Who has not read "Ten Thousand a-Year?"—There is a singular influence about the contemptible little Tittlebat Titmouse, that impels us to sympathize with his discomfitures and rejoice at his success, notwithstanding that we despise the animal all the time. We never could account for this. The picture of English country life exhibited in "Yatton" is charming: and Mr. Aubrey has occupied a place in our warmest regards for many years. Kate Aubrey, as a feminine creation, is *perfect*; but time and space would fail to tell all that we think of "Ten Thousand a-Year."

THE HUSBAND IN UTAH. By Austin N. Ward. Edited by Maria Ward, Author of "Female Life among the Mormons." New York: *Derby and Jackson.*

This is a book of which the least said is the better. The subject is too revolting to admit of its merits being discussed; but we believe that the book has been written with a good purpose, that of exposing the corruptions of Mormonism; and if it deters any fools from rushing to their own destruction, it will not have been written in vain.

MORALS FOR THE YOUNG; OR, GOOD PRINCIPLES INSTILLING WISDOM. By Emma Willard. New York: *A. S. Barnes & Co.*

A religious book for the young, written by a lady whose name will doubtless be a passport to its success. A very amusing and prettily-written letter to a newly married gentleman, accompanying a present of a pair of stockings, and called "The Stocking Letter," by which name it has gone the rounds of the

press, is re-published in this volume, and is well worth the reading. The little book is eminently calculated to instill sound religious principles, and has evidently been a labor of love with the writer.

SERMONS OF THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, of London. Second Series. New York: *Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co.* Philadelphia: *Smith, English & Co.*

The power of a well-ordered human voice, united with a singular command of language, and a thorough knowledge of the springs of emotion in the human heart, have given to Mr. Spurgeon remarkable influence as a pulpit orator. He has done what others of his profession would do well to do also—take lessons of the stage in effective speaking. The criticism of the actor on the clergyman's performances was just,—“You,” he said, “speak of realities as if they were fictions—I of fictions as if they were realities. Mr. Spurgeon understands his mission better. Of the scope, quality and tendencies of his sermons, as given in this volume, we are not called upon to speak. They are, we presume, just to the creed he professes. We refer to him simply as a pulpit orator of singular prominence at this time, who has gained the public admiration because he understands thoroughly an art strangely neglected by his professional associates. Beyond this we accord him no special inspiration.

THE PROSE WORKS OF LONGFELLOW. Two vols. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields.*

Hyperion and Outre-Mer! It is so long ago since these charming productions were first given to the public, that, in the more delicate and newer attractions of the author's poetical offerings, we had half forgotten them. But, here they are, set in dainty blue and gold, fit companions for the poems that lie so cosily on my lady's book-shelf or library-table; and we turn to them again, and find them, like good wine, better for the years they have remained half hidden from daylight. The getting-up, as we have intimated, is the same as in the elegant pocket editions of Tennyson's and Longfellow's poems, recently issued by the same publishers. We hope they will give us many more favorite books in similar beautiful style.

SILK WITHOUT THE AID OF WORMS.

SOME ten years ago, an enthusiastic chemist tickled the fancy of the credulous, by announcing the discovery of a process for converting grass into new milk, without aid from the time-honored, “good mooly cow,” but our staunch old friend the cow, still keeps her place as an “institution,” without the slightest indication of a tendency to become obsolete. Recent intelligence from over the water states that a Frenchman has immortalized himself by a parallel discovery; and we are now to have silk from the mulberry leaf, without the humiliating intervention of the disgusting worm! Well, we shall see! Nature keeps some of her secrets remarkably close; and we are yet inclined to think that she will reserve for some time to come the sole monopoly of both milk and silk making. When chemis-

try gets this far, it will only be a short step to the secret of gold making. But the world is not quite ready for that.

TO ARTHUR, ASLEEP.—AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO CLARA.

Stilly, oh, very stilly, with clasped hands,
That would hush down the beating of my heart,
I stand and watch thy slumbers. Round thee now,
Like silver clouds hung on a summer sky,
The snowy curtains tremble, and betwixt
Their loopings—a baptismal sent of heaven—
Plashes the sunshine on thy face and hair.
Oh, bud of one brief summer by that smile,
Like light on opening roses, do I know
The angels are with thee—that those blue eyes,
Which break up to me in their sudden joy,
(As I have prayed God's seraphs might some day)
Are looking on the sapphire gates, from which
Thou seemest to have wandered.

One white hand,
Like a half-opened lily, is crushed up
Amid the clustering curls, whose golden hue
Was caught among thy mother's.

Oh, most fair
And heaven-like picture that the world can throw
Along its changeful canvas—*child asleep!*
Through my dim tears, I stand to-day and watch
Mournful above thy rest—I who have walked
Out from the gates of childhood, and who wear
The “burden and the weariness of life,”
On heart and forehead.

What of joy or good,
(Stringing along this hush the future's pearls,)
Shall shape my prayer for thee, that life may lay
Her gold, and myrrh, and incense at thy feet—
Her crown upon thy brow?

Not these—not these,—
Be my heart's asking. May our Father lead
Thy young feet tenderly across the hills
To the “far country,” and it shall be well—
Well with thee, sweetest, even if thy life
Take but the key-note here, and sing the song
Upon the purple mountains! So sleep on,
Thy smile the loving chorus of my prayer,
“In life or death may God be with the child!”

JENNIE.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE following articles are respectfully declined: “Friendship”—“Twilight Musings”—“The Choice”—“A Prayer for My Beloved”—“I Love Thee”—“Our Final Home”—“Uncle Nathan's Home; or, Childhood Days”—etc.

Young writers who submit to us their first productions, asking us to read and criticise them, must not be surprised at not receiving the desired communications in return. The work assigned to us, in such cases, cannot be taken up to the neglect of more clearly defined duties. Let such persons refer to a judicious friend of cultivated tastes. Not one editor in a hundred has time or inclination for such tasks.

Where writers desire MS. returned, if not accepted, they must, in all cases, send postage stamps for pre-payment.

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